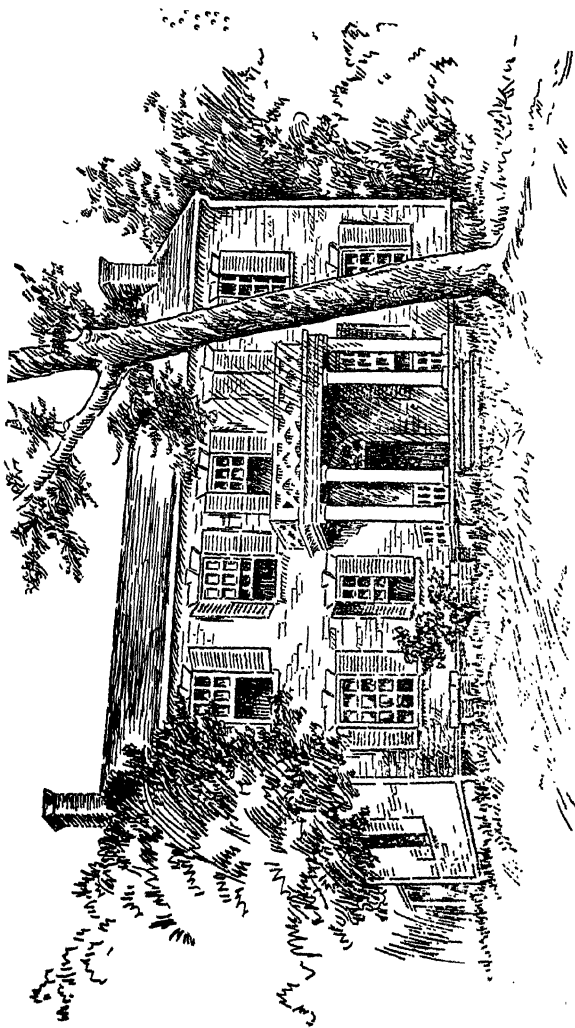


UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



141 086

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



ELLEN W. CARTER

Oakwood, built in 1836

"SHOW ME" MISSOURI

By

ADA CLAIRE DARBY

Author of "Skip-Come-A-Lou" "Peace Pipes
At Portage" & etc

Illustrated By

ELLEN WORD CARTER

Kansas City, Missouri
BURTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Publishers

Copyright 1938

By

BURTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Kansas City, Missouri



Helen -- Edith -- Amy --
Janet -- Mary -- Winifred



To

The well loved members of
"The Drama Club", constant
friends and good companions
with a delightful zest for books
and travel, this small book, re-
minder of many happy jaunts
together, is affectionately dedi-
cated by One of Them



Ellinor -- Isabel -- Agatha --
Jean -- Emily -- Ada



SHOW ME: MISSOURI!

"I'm from Missouri. You'll have to show me!" How often we Missourians are reminded of this well-known slogan! Wherever we may travel, we are likely to be tagged with the familiar saying. It is something people remember in connection with our state. And it always brings a laugh.

Nobody can be sure exactly when and how the saying originated. There are many humorous versions of it, based on smoking car and kindred anecdotes. Nearest-to-authentic is that which credits it to a certain Congressman Vandiver, reputed to have used it for the first time in a speech in Philadelphia in 1899. The word "show" is used in the sense of "prove," meaning the speaker is a person not easily taken in. Or, in the words of an old German from St. Louis, "We are hard believers in Missouri."

Missouri is an old and an important state, rich in natural resources, in scenic beauty, and in variety of historic incident. Perhaps it is not strange that this sometimes needs to be *shown* to people from distant parts of the United States. There is no reason why we, who live within the boundaries of this fortunate commonwealth, nor our neighbors, should fail to be acquainted with its various aspects.

Before the second decade of the twentieth cen-

10 "Show Me" Missouri

ture there was small incentive to sightseeing in Missouri. Train travel was not conducive to such an undertaking. It took longer to travel a couple of hundred miles from one small town to another than to cross the state from the Missouri to the Mississippi river.

Even after the advent of the automobile, dirt roads, with a talent for turning into mud, kept a motor trip through our state on the level of "a pleasure exertion" as "Samantha Allen" of faded reputation used to express it. But in 1921 the wheel of progress made a revolution hereabouts. Missouri waked up to the need for hard surfaced highways and voted a \$60,000,000 bond issue for the purpose.

Today we have 14,821 miles of all weather highways. This places us sixth among the states in total mileage of hard surfaced roads.

Whether it rains or no, automobile travel in Missouri is quick and easy now. The pleasure remains, but the exertion has ceased to characterize such trips. The person who wants to be *shown* Missouri, from east to west and from north to south, will find no difficulties nowadays. A "Show Me" tour of the state should certainly be included sometime in the vacation journeys of every Missourian. Children learn geography and history while extending their horizons by such travel, and their elders renew their knowledge, at the same time adding much fresh information to their store.

"But what," asks the "hard believer", is there to see in this middle western state? Why is Missouri so interesting and important? What shall we look

to find?" There are many answers to these questions; more than can be included in a Primer for Automobilists. Enough will be given here to reward a brief tour of the state. Let each traveler detour for himself, investigating in fact and through the pages of history, until he has learned to know his state as it deserves to be known. The fruits of such pleasant travel may surprise, and certainly will delight him!

A glance at a map of the United States shows Missouri to be the geographical center of the Union, strategically situated to distribute through its many gateways the wealth of forests, mines and fertile prairies for which the state is noted. Notice its two great rivers. The Missouri descends half the length of the western border, then turns east and flows across the state to empty into the Mississippi a few miles above St. Louis. The Mississippi river flows almost the entire length of the eastern border.

From the head of the Missouri to the mouth of the Mississippi is a distance of 4,220 miles, the longest stretch of river in the world!

It is because of these two great navigable rivers that this region was visited by white men long before the founding of our Republic. Long before there was a road through this western Wilderness, the rivers were the great highways of travel.

The mighty, restless Missouri river is called the "Big Muddy" because of its tawny color, but that is not the meaning of its name. "Pekitanoui", which does signify "muddy" in the Indian tongue, is the name the Red Man applied to our river. Early white

12 *"Show Me" Missouri*

explorers first called it "Missouri" after a tribe of Indians who lived on its banks. Missouri, in the Indian tongue, means "people with the wooden canoes". Those Indians who went up and down the Missouri in their canoes were the first of many who used the long river for their travels.

Greater travelers than any of the human species have used the region between the rivers since time immemorial. Scientists tell us there are seven lanes of bird migration throughout the world; the fourth and largest of them all lies in the valleys of the Missouri and the Mississippi rivers! This vast airway of the feathered folk is more than five hundred miles wide and carries the greatest tide of winged life on any of the migratory lanes.

Geologically, Missouri has an ancient history. The Ozark country is reputed to be the oldest part of the North American continent. Traces of prehistoric animals are to be found today in many Missouri counties. The first skeleton of an Imperial elephant, or mastodon, was discovered in Benton county in 1840 and sold to the British museum in London. Since then parts of such skeletons, bones, tusks, and teeth, have been found in various parts of the state and properly placed in our own State museum in the Capitol at Jefferson City.

Remains of prehistoric man as well as beast, are numerous in Missouri. In the southwestern corner of the state are the caves of the Bluff Dwellers, a people who lived more than a thousand years before this part of the country was visited by a white man. Many of the tools, dishes and the pottery they

used have been discovered in these caves by archaeologists.

The Mound Dwellers were another prehistoric people who built the numerous earthworks which are found throughout the state. The largest of these is in southeast Missouri; large enough to be used for the foundation of a spacious house. Twenty-eight thousand of these mounds are known to have been investigated. They were used for many purposes, especially as burial places. Archaeologists have found quantities of spear heads, axes, cooking vessels and tools among them as well as skeletons of this ancient inhabitant of Missouri. But his origin, proved and disproved many times by the scientists, still remains veiled in the uncertainties of time.

Long ago the Mound Dweller vanished from this part of the world and the historic Indian, the Red Man, took possession. He, too, left many reminders of his aboriginal life behind him. More interesting than any of the artifacts frequently ploughed up in farmer's fields, bows, arrows, and the like, are his pictographs. These are the crude drawings of gigantic birds and men, faded red outlines on limestone bluffs, which one occasionally finds along a river. Watch for them on the Mississippi and the Osage rivers.

With the coming of the first white man, the mist of antiquity rolls away and a chronological date upthrusts like a rock emerging from a river fog. Avid, ruthless in his quest for gold the Spanish explorer, Hernando De Soto, came up the uncharted Mississippi in 1541. Bancroft, the historian, credits

him with having penetrated the wilderness as far as that region which is now Arcadia Valley in the eastern Ozarks. Across the state in Vernon county are the ruins of an old mining furnace believed to be of Spanish origin. It is not beyond the realm of historic credence that De Soto and his men wintered there while searching for the precious mineral.

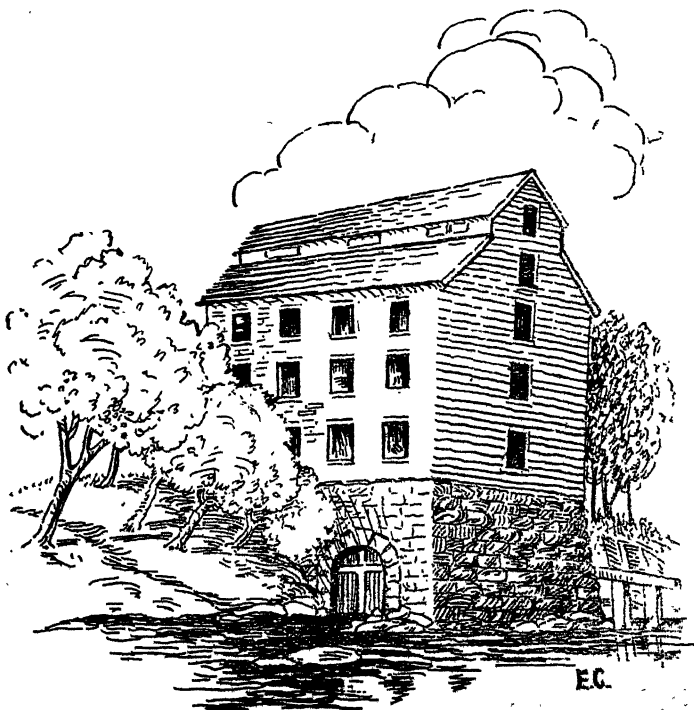
The Spaniard came, and went. The French explorer came, and staked his claim. A magnificent claim Robert Cavalier, Sieur de La Salle made for his king, Louis the Fourteenth, in 1682 when he claimed and named the Mississippi basin, Louisiana.

Explorer. Missionary. Fur trader. The one followed the other in Missouri as elsewhere in the development of the wilderness. The first white settlement in the state was made by a band of Jesuit Fathers in 1700. No trace of that settlement remains today but the name of a little stream in the vicinity of St. Louis, the River Des Peres, recalls the location of it. Sixty-three years later a French trading post was established nearby and the conquest of the wilderness, from which Missouri was to grow, began in earnest.

The historian of today possesses a record of its growth from the days of French possession, and the tourist with watchful eyes may read many a chapter in that record as he motors about the state. Here it is some survival of the past: ancient church, log house, tavern, or fine brick mansion of a bygone day; perhaps it is a covered bridge, an old stone mill, or only the overgrown but indisputable, beaten trail where once the buffalo thundered. "Five, ten, fif-

teen miles of buffalo" as the pioneer reckoned distance. Again it may be monument, statue or tablet, marking an abandoned site, which halts the traveler on a "Show Me" tour.

Missouri is full of these mute reminders of our forbears who, in the light of a certain definition, recorded history as they lived their daily lives. "History", aptly defined, "is the record of those who dared!"



THE PLATTE PURCHASE

Let us take an automobile map of the state and decide upon our pilgrimage. Suppose we begin on the western side where a national highway, 36, crosses the Missouri river. The map shows a decided bulge in this northwest corner which was not included in the boundaries when Missouri joined the Union.

Six counties, Platte, Buchanan, Andrew, Holt, Nodaway, and Atchison, comprise this rich, fertile region, known as the Platte Purchase country. Occupied by Indians of the Sacs and Fox tribes at the time when Missouri was made a state, it soon became a kind of Naboth's Vineyard to settlers on the Missouri river. To appease their land hunger, Congress passed an act to extend the western boundaries of the state, and the Indians were moved off. They received a cash payment of seven thousand dollars and four hundred sections of land with certain improvements, situated to the west of our state, and thus two million acres of valuable territory were acquired by Missouri seventeen years after her original boundaries were established.

Before starting east on Highway 36, it will be worth while to jaunt about through this famed Platte Purchase. Platte is the lower county, noted

agriculturally. Once the banner hemp growing section, it is now the tobacco mart of our state. The old town of Weston, on the river, has a romantic history, antedating the Pony Express of which its pioneer citizen, Benjamin Holliday, was a promoter. It is also proud of the fact that it hewed the line of progress at an early day with the first gas works in the state.

Platte county is one of the few which still retains a covered bridge, an "improvement" of antebellum years so out-of-date now as to assume modern traffic are replacing the covered bridge with the characteristics of an antique. The needs of concrete structures everywhere in our state. To revive an echo of the past, the clatter of hoofs, the rumble of wheels on wooden planks, one should ride through "Noah's Ark", near Edgerton, the old covered bridge which bears the name of its builder, Judge Noah Beery, grandfather of the well-known movie actors, Wallace and Noah Berry.

Two other items of interest among the many that could be mentioned in motoring through the counties of the Platte Purchase. Approaching Maryville, north of the Missouri river, where one of our five State Teachers' colleges is located, one comes upon an unique highway sign. Fourteen by twenty feet, believed to be the largest sign in the world erected to a living author, it hails the traveler with an invitation:

"Stop in Maryville, the Home of Homer Croy, World-Famed Author of 'West of the Water Tower', 'They Had to See Paris'."

The idea of the sign conceived by a school-mate and life long friend of Mr. Croy's, the site donated by a native son of Maryville, and generous gifts contributed by neighboring citizens, this commanding tribute to a Missouri author heartily refutes the saying about the honor of a prophet in his own country.

Another college town in Northwest Missouri bears the name of Tarkio, a Fox Indian name for the black walnut tree at one time so plentiful in the Tarkio river valley. There is a particular fitness in the valuable decorations of Tarkio's "Walnut Inn," a hotel noted in this region for its beautiful paneling and beams of native walnut. A pity more towns don't take a leaf from Tarkio's book and make use of indigenous names and products which lend a remembered flavor to the place!

Buchanan county boasts the largest town of the Platte Purchase but since St. Joseph is also the third largest city in the state, it is entitled, together with St. Louis and Kansas City, to separate chapters. Reserving the old town of Joseph Robidoux for a future visit, let us imagine that we are setting forth from there by automobile on a bright morning in October.

Any month would do for a motor trip nowadays, unless there should be ice on the highways, but April and October must be especially recommended. In April the flowering red bud trees spread a veil of unbelievably beautiful amethystine color through the woods, followed closely by the coral buds of the wild crab tree. No nature lover in Missouri will

ever willingly miss a glimpse of the brief beauty of this vernal pageant. South of the Missouri river one finds a third lovely tree in blossom in the spring time:

"The dogwood spreads white meshes —
So white and light and high —
To catch the drifting sunlight
Out of the cobalt sky."

Despite the lure of April, one is perhaps a little wiser to plan a motor trip through Missouri in October when the weather is almost certain to be just right. Neither rainy, nor hot, nor cold but pleasantly frosty nights and mornings, and warm in the middle of the day. There will be sunshine all day long with a soft haze at sundown, and color in the western sky only rivalled by the color in the autumn landscape.

Missouri in October! Fields of grain like carpets of bright, green velvet; roadsides embroidered with wild asters, pink and lavender and white, or on fire with scarlet sumach; leafless, slim persimmon trees along the road lifting round, orange-hued fruit to the deep, blue sky; beyond all these, the flaming glory of the forest. Maples, sycamores, elms, hickories, walnuts, hawthorns, and oaks in shades of red and russet, yellow and bronze, rose and purple — Missouri has a wealth of splendid trees!

Highway 36, running east and west, closely parallels the route of the old Hannibal & St. Jo railroad, the second to be built in the state; during

the Civil War it was guarded by a series of block-houses and earned the name of Old Reliable which clung to it long afterwards. Of Missouri's one hundred and fifteen counties, twenty-five lie north of this highway in a well developed, agricultural region. Here we will see big, prosperous farms with excellent barns and tall brick silos, grazing lands and fields of grain, oats and wheat, alfalfa, and corn so tall as to explain the slogan, "Corn-Is King in Missouri!" Here, too, are pastures of waving blue grass which yield a rich harvest nowadays.

Early historians describe the blue grass as native to the state in certain sections, particularly along the Missouri river. But it is true that as American settlers came into the territory from Kentucky they brought quantities of the seed with them, oftentimes sewed up in a mattress tick. And there is the delightful story of an old-time physician who carried it in his saddle bags so that he could sow it broadcast as he rode about the country to administer pills and powders to his patients. The rich, fertile soil of Missouri was hospitable to this beautiful grass and today millions of pounds of seed are annually shipped back to the famous Blue Grass State, Kentucky.

King City, in Gentry county, is the blue grass center in Missouri, but since Kentucky is still regarded as its chief market, our choicest seed is sold there to farmers from all over the United States.

Two neighbors of King City must be mentioned as points of interest on a "Show Me" tour. First, let us visit Conception Abbey, a Catholic institution

established by a monastic order from Switzerland, seventy-four years ago. The Abbey interests many visitors, particularly its library which houses some rarely valuable books. Among these is an ancient Bible in two volumes printed in Latin in 1475. Recall the date of the famous Guthenberg Bible, printed in 1452, and the age of this book enshrined in Northwest Missouri becomes impressive. Only a couple of miles from the Abbey is an establishment of Benedictine nuns, farm and school, Convent and Chapel of Perpetual Adoration. This, too, attracts many visitors for it is beautifully adorned; the walls of the chapel are paneled in mosaics, made in Austria, the altar is of white marble and the doors of the tabernacle are of gold, inset with precious stones.

Contrast lends piquancy to everything in life and the sightseer will not lack for it as he jaunts about Missouri. The mileage is not great but the distance seems far as he travels from the old world atmosphere of Conception to the modern town of Bethany where that classic of pioneer life, "The Story of a Country Town," originated. Ed Howe lived there as a boy and many old residents who remember him in his youth are glad to show visitors the family home of the Howes and the old meeting house which he described in his realistic novel.

South of Bethany lies a section of the country once occupied by the Mormons who struggled so desperately to maintain a foothold in Missouri during the decade of eighteen-thirty. Routed from Jackson and from Clay county by the enmity of

their neighbors, they settled in Caldwell county where they soon built up a thriving town which they called Far West. At the time they were expelled from the state, after the heated engagements of the so-called Mormon War, they numbered three thousand inhabitants in their new capitol.

This was their New Jerusalem where a great temple was to be built. Today while flourishing, Salt Lake City attests the value of the Mormon citizen, the town they began so well in Missouri lies in ruins. Not far from the site of it, in Daviess county, is the wreck of another Mormon dream, Adam-Ondi-Ahman. This settlement was established in obedience to a revelation Joseph Smith claimed to have received and was so named "because it is the place where Adam shall come to visit his people".

Detours have led us some distance from our highway. Let us return to 36 and continue without interruption to the town of Chillicothe. Situated in the fertile Grand river valley, a trading post in ox-cart days, a commercial center on the line of Missouri's second railroad, the Hannibal and St. Jo, Chillicothe is one of our hundred-year-old towns, well rooted in the past, which yet moves forward with the times. Today two national highways "Ocean to Ocean", and "Lakes to Gulf," intersect at this point and the commerce of Chillicothe quickens with the flow of travel. A few miles east of town a tablet marks the spot where construction forces drove the famous "Golden Spike" which completed the building of the railroad, February 13, 1859. A

little to the south one finds a marker, indicating the completion of the Ocean to Ocean highway September 30, 1930.

Hospitality is one of Missouri's endearing characteristics. It manifests itself in towns as well as in individuals. No better illustration of this trait could be offered than the story of Nelson Kneass, composer of that popular ballad, "Ben Boli". With its wide spread appeal to the sentimentality of Victorian taste, it has been aptly called "the great song of the past mid-century." Countless the enraptured listeners who like "Sweet Alice" herself, wept with delight at its moving strains!

(* Nelson Kneass, an itinerant actor, who set the words to music, was stricken by mortal illness in Chillicothe, after an unlucky barn storming appearance, and died there in 1868. Being without funds, he and his family were cared for by kind-hearted citizens of the town and later a fund was raised to provide a last resting place for him in Edgewood cemetery. Today a tablet in the wall of a building on the site of the old Browning house where Kneass died informs the tourist of that fact. To those who know the circumstances of the composer's death, the memorial whispers a further story of the open heartedness so often found in Missouri towns.)

* Information about Nelson Kneass supplied by Harry W. Graham of Chillicothe, Mo.

Traveling east on our highway we move into the great coal producing region of Missouri. Although ours is popularly considered an agricultural state it is also rich in minerals as we shall see in our

24 *"Show Me" Missouri*

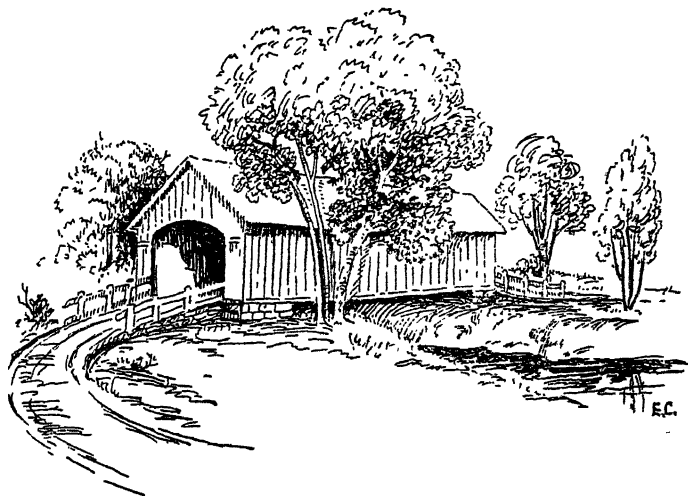
"Show Me" tour. Seventeen counties in the region known as the Glacial Plains are coal producing. Macon county is the greatest of them all and its county seat, the town of Macon, lies in the very heart of this area on the highway we are traveling.

But again we must detour in imagination for between Chillicothe and Macon, somewhat to the north, lies a section of country which is rich in human values for us. The village of Edinburg, near Trenton, in Grundy county, claims the birthplace of Enoch H. Crowder who served both his state and his nation well. A spruce young officer, fresh from West Point, hard working and conscientious, he made a reputation for himself as an instructor at the University of Missouri years ago. Columbia people remember him as Commandant for the training of cadets but the world remembers him best as General Crowder, the efficient head of the Selective Draft during the World War.

Southeast of Trenton, near Laclede in Linn county, is a monument which marks the birthplace of another Missourian who rose to even greater fame in the World War, General John J. Pershing, who commanded our American Expeditionary Force. Natives of Linn county remember Pershing as a boy who worked on his father's farm, went to a country school, and dreamed of college days. At one time he thought perhaps he would be a minister, later he studied law, and finally he settled on the army. Whatever occupied him, he worked at it earnestly and perseveringly and his neighbors recall that from the time he was a little boy people used

to say of him, "Johnny Pershing has lots of grit."

Back in 1877 these two great men, Crowder and Pershing, lived in the same town with a third famous son of Missouri, Robert E. Coontz, who was later to become Admiral of the United States navy. That town was Kirksville, in ~~Schuyler~~ county, where the first of Missouri's State Teachers' colleges is located and which is also the home of the noted Osteopathic college, founded by Andrew Still, the father of osteopathy. Kirksville's Teachers' college is proud to number among its graduates both General Pershing and Admiral Coontz. The latter was born in the picturesque town of Hannibal, where, without any side excursions, highway 36 would have brought us in a bee line from St. Joseph.



IN NORTHEAST MISSOURI

Hannibal is beautifully situated on the Mississippi river and on a bright October day we shall find its wooded bluffs aflame with color. A drive through Riverview park will give the tourist a memorable view of the river's glorious panorama; as he pauses before a bronze statue of Mark Twain which dominates the park, he will recall some of the associations which links America's famous author with Hannibal, Missouri.

Though born in the nearby town of Florida, Samuel J. Clemens spent his boyhood in Hannibal. It was the scene of his two classics, "Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn." As a young man he worked on a Mississippi river steamboat and it was from the call of the pilot, taking soundings of the river's depth, that Mr. Clemens had the idea for the pen name, Mark Twain, which he was to make famous around the world.

In 1935, a host of admirers in all parts of the literate world celebrated the birth of this Missourian, but nowhere more energetically than in Hannibal. Many reminders of his youth engage the interest of the sightseer. There is the plain little frame house, now used as a Mark Twain museum, where the author spent his boyhood. Delightful

statues of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn stand at the foot of celebrated Cardiff Hill, and on top of this hill is a tall lighthouse erected in honor of the creator of those immortal boys. It was this lighthouse which President Roosevelt first lighted from an electric switch in Washington during the Centennial celebration of 1935. Certainly Hannibal treasures the memory of her famous son.

From Hannibal we shall travel northward, with a first stop at Palmyra in Marion county. A pretty old town with many substantial, white-trimmed, red brick houses of a bygone era and a wealth of historic incidents attached to it. It was the scene of heated struggle between the Abolitionists and Anti-Abolitionists in the days before the Civil War. A man named Alanson Works, accused of assisting slaves to escape to Illinois by an underground railway, was imprisoned for three years in the state penitentiary for his activities around Palmyra. Out of the memory of his father's bitter years in Missouri, it is possible that a son, Henry Clay Works, wrote his famous songs of the Civil War, "Wake, Nicodemus" and "Marching Through Georgia."

Another memory of the Civil War days is the monument on the court house green which commemorates the lives lost in the "Palmyra Massacre", one of those dreadful tragedies of internecine strife. A memorial of a still earlier date is in Palmyra's cemetery, a stone erected to "Peg Leg" Shannon, one of the four members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition of 1804-06, known to be buried in Missouri. At the age of sixteen, young George Shan-

non ran away from home to join the famous Captains; he traveled to the then unknown Pacific ocean and returned to St. Louis without injury. Later in a scouting expedition he received a wound from an Indian arrow which cost him his leg and gained him the sobriquet by which he was afterwards known. For many years he practiced law in St. Charles but died in Palmyra while trying a case there. The name of "Peg Leg" Shannon, carved on an old stone, carries the sightseer far back to the days of the Lousiana Purchase when Missouri was a young new territory, and the frontier of the United States.

Six or seven miles north of Palmyra is the site of a mushroom village which furnished literary material for an English as well as an American author. In the long vanished "Marion City" Charles Dickens found the prototye of "Eden," the pioneer town on which he lavished his devastating sarcasm, in "Martin Chuzzlewit". And it was in the likable promoter of this "Eden", William Muldrow of Marion City, that Samuel Clemens found the portrait of his impecunious, hopeful "Colonel Sellers."

Our next stop will be at Canton, on a low bank of the Mississippi. Here we shall see one of the great federal locks which the government has constructed at enormous expense to deepen the channel of the river. There are twenty-seven of these locks between St. Louis and Minneapolis. Although Canton is built on flat land, almost level with the

Mississippi, steep, wooded bluffs rise just behind it. On the top of one of these bluffs is Culver-Stockton, an old college with an interesting record and one of the most picturesque locations in the state.

Founded in 1853 as Christian University, the name of which was later changed, Culver-Stockton boasts of being the first educational institution west of the Mississippi to promote co-education. Oberlin College in Ohio was considerably ahead of it with co-education in 1833 but Culver-Stockton is the first in which the dual system was guaranteed by charter.

Canton itself is full of interesting and piquant traditions which its inhabitants share with those who are truly interested in Missouriana. Here, one of them will tell us, is the point at which the Mississippi river makes its jog the furthest west at any point on its southward journey. It was the birthplace of Frederick Hibbard, the sculptor, whose work we have just seen in the Mark Twain statues in Hannibal and which we shall meet again in our "Show Me" trip.

Someone else will tell us that it was also the home of the giantess, Ella Ewing, eight feet tall and reputed to have been the biggest woman in the world. She grew up in Canton and made her first public appearance there when asked to read the Declaration of Independence at a Fourth of July celebration. We must look for some of her costumes when we visit the museum at the Capitol in Jefferson City, where they are displayed.

Finally, let us remember the touching incident for which another vouches, that the last official act

of Lincoln was the signing of a pardon for a soldier who lived at Canton.

We have not seen all of North Missouri, nor learned everything about this prosperous, well-cultivated section of our state, but the larger and, historically, the older part lies south of Highway 36, so let us turn our faces southward now, and retrace our journey along the Mississippi river.

Beyond Hannibal, the highway runs south to St. Louis through Ralls county and through Pike. Ralls is named in honor of a man who made history during the first legislature of the state, which convened in the Missouri hotel in 1820. One of the representatives, Daniel Ralls, was sick unto death in an upstairs room of the hotel. During a heated session of the legislature when a single vote was needed to decide the election of Thomas Hart Benton to the senate of the United States, Ralls allowed himself to be carried downstairs in his big, wooden bed by four stout negro men, in order to cast the decisive vote for Benton. They took their politics fervently in those days, didn't they? After the ballot, Ralls was carried upstairs to his room and died a short time later. In gratitude for his service, the legislature named one of the new counties in his honor.

Near the town of New London, in this same county, we cross the little Salt river which is responsible for another saying almost as familiar as our "Show Me" slogan. Haven't you often heard of "Going up Salt river"? It means to be defeated, and is supposed to have originated in the failure of

a politician to be elected to the office for which he had run numerous times. After each defeat he changed his location, always moving higher up the river to live; when asked what he was going to do, he always replied, "I'm going up Salt river."

Pike county was named for the well-known explorer, Zebulon M. Pike, and it is famous in song and story. All sorts of amusing anecdotes are told about Pike County men and many popular poems have been written. Among the best known are "Pike County Ballads" by John M. Hay. There may be Missourians of the present generation who don't know "Little Breeches," but it has had a day of glorious popularity.

In Pike county we find the largest nursery in the world; the famous Stark nursery, outside the little town of Louisiana, where the big, red apple called the Delicious was propagated; it is also joined with the Luther Burbank experimental station for plant life. Our thirty-ninth governor, Lloyd C. Stark, elected in 1936, is one of the managers of this great nursery, and the family home is at Louisiana.

Pike county is the home of another well-known family which has played an important part in the political life of our state. At Bowling Green, we shall see the homestead of the Clarks and a monument erected in memory of the Honorable Champ Clark, long time Democratic congressman from Missouri and at one time Speaker of the House. It was during one of his heated campaigns that the Ozark "Houn' Dawg" song was dragged from the backwoods to become nationally famous and inalien-

ably linked with the name of Clark. His son, Bennett Champ Clark Jr., Democratic senator from Missouri, now carries on in his father's stead.

Still traveling southward, we come to the historic little city of St. Charles which was founded by French people when Missouri was part of the great province of Louisiana. There is a reminder of the old days in the little park, called the Commons, which is still owned by the town and which pays a yearly, half rental to it in consequence. It is one of the very few in our state owned by its town, although formerly every little village had a green-sward, called the Commons, where cows were tethered to pasture, ducks and geese were allowed to roam, and yearly rentals were paid into the public till.

The grave of the first settler on the site of the city of Chicago is at St. Charles, a mulatto by the name of Jean Baptiste Point du Sable. And here we shall see the first Capitol of Missouri, in which the legislature met from 1821 to 1826 when it was removed to its present location at Jefferson City. The old Capitol is a quaint, red brick building with a saddle back roof, in a good state of preservation, and is now maintained as a museum.

St. Charles is one of those places where we seem to see the present and the past touch hands as they do at Lindenwood College. We cannot view this excellent, modern college for girls without remembering the age in which it was founded by those two famous Missouri pioneers, George and Mary Sibley. Major Sibley was for years a government

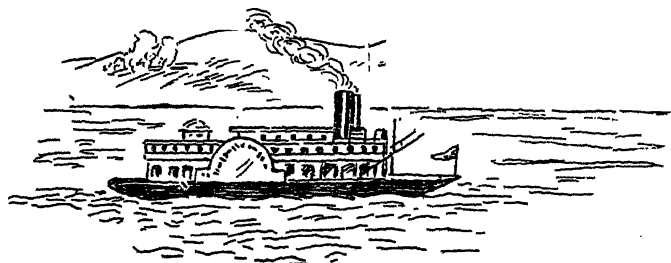
agent to the Indians and was also appointed by President Monroe as one of three commissioners to survey a trail through Indian country to Santa Fe. When he married Mary Easton, daughter of the first postmaster of St. Louis, he took his fourteen-year-old bride into the wilderness to live. Her piano and other household treasures were loaded on a keel boat and shipped up the Missouri to Fort Osage, then the farthest west settlement in the United States. The site of this settlement was on the western border of Missouri, not very far from where Kansas City was later to become a great metropolis. The Sibleys were the best type of pioneer and their names deserve to be honored throughout the state as they are within the halls of Lindenwood.

St. Charles is located on the Missouri river a short distance from the point where it empties into the Mississippi. Not far from here, on a narrow tongue of land between the two great rivers, lies Portage des Sioux, a tiny old village which takes its name from a tribe of Sioux Indians who formerly lived here. Thanks to this strip of land, they were saved from death on a certain occasion when by making portage across it with their canoes, they were able to escape from a war party of Missouris, lying in wait for them at the mouth of the Big Muddy.

Just across the Missouri river from St. Charles lies the oldest and biggest city in the state, with a wealth of tradition and all sorts of objectives, old and new, to entertain the tourist — St. Louis. It,

34 *"Show Me" Missouri*

too, must have a chapter to itself, so let us leave St. Louis for the present and return to it for the conclusion of our "Show Me" tour.



DOWN TO THE BOOT-HEEL

Imagine we are leaving the city on a crisp October morning and that we follow the highway parallel with the Mississippi river which takes us southward on the edge of the rolling Ozark country. The sun comes up red and round beyond the river, the frost shines on grass and shrubs. It promises to be another glorious day for our sightseeing tour. And how much we are going to see in this picturesque region settled so long ago!

Thirty miles below St. Louis lies the little town of Herculanum, near Crystal City. The latter is a pretty name for a pretty, industrious town, with busy factories for the manufacture of glass. It has been at this business a long time and has grown and developed with the industry. As long ago as 1870 Walt Whitman, the Good Gray Poet, who had wandered down here from St. Louis, was writing an article for an eastern magazine and expressing his surprise to find the art of glass making in such an out-of-the-way place as this Missouri village!

Herculanum, on the other hand, though it had an important past, has now dwindled to a mere dot on the map. Yet we will stop to visit it for the sake of its past, for here is the sight of a shot tower built by a Frenchman named Maclot, which is of historic interest. From the top of this tower lead

was dropped to be molded into bullets for the use of American soldiers in the War of 1812. Some of these very bullets are said to have played a part in helping Andrew Jackson win the famous Battle of New Orleans.

On down the highway from the shot tower we come next to Kennett's Castle, a stately old mansion overlooking the river, which was built before the Civil War. To build this stone house in 1854 cost the owner, Ferdinand Kennett, more than \$125,000. He had made a great fortune in the lead mines, owned a shot tower of his own as well as thousands of acres of land, so he could well afford a handsome home.

The stone was quarried out of the Ozark hills by his slaves but the ironwork trimming was imported from England and all the skilled workmen had to be brought from the east by steamboat since there wasn't a mile of railroad in this part of Missouri at the time. No wonder it was the wonder and admiration of all who saw it, nor that it was nicknamed "Kennett's Castle" by the boatmen who first saw its great tower rising above the Mississippi.

Another thirty miles and our road runs into a pretty village where a tall church spire pricks above the trees and the frequent voice of convent bells is heard. This is Ste. Genevieve, the oldest town in Missouri, which celebrated its two hundredth birthday in 1935. Ste. Genevieve is the cradle of French settlement in our state and though a movie theatre, filling stations, and other symbols of modernity may deceive the tourist at first glance, a little investiga-

tion will soon reveal the true heritage of this old village.

Various reminders of the past are still to be seen, even the Big Field or "Le Grand Champ", as it used to be called, that great stretch of level, fertile ground beside the Mississippi where the first settlers tilled their fields in common, each one cultivating a long, narrow strip, adjoining his neighbors, after the French fashion.

Peering over its whitewashed fence at Main street, formerly, and more gracefully entitled Rue Gabourie, stands the Valle house, said to be the oldest dwelling house in the Upper Mississippi valley, acknowledged to be the oldest house within the present boundaries of Missouri. It was built in 1782 on the foundations of a Spanish Fort by Jean Baptiste Valle, who was Commandant of Ste. Genevieve at the time of the Louisiana Purchase.

For a small admission fee you may lift the latch of that gateway to the past; you may wander about the garden, with its heart-shaped beds of one hundred years ago, sit for a moment's meditation under the ancient hickory known as the "Council Tree" when Indians traded at the Fort, and where the farmyard used to be you may linger to admire the lines of a beautifully weathered old barn of Norman architecture. Inside the house you may wander from room to room, of no period whatever, but where household treasures brought from France via New Orleans up the Mississippi to Ste. Genevieve long before the Purchase, rub elbows with later furnishings of antebellum days and all testify



Guibourd House, built in 1784

to a home which has been continuously occupied since a time when the Fleur-de-llys of France floated above its roof.

There are other houses of almost as great an age in Ste. Genevieve, all set close to the street for sociability with gardens at the side and back, and all built a good deal alike, sometimes of stone, usually of logs in palisade fashion instead of ~~parallel~~; story-and-a-half houses with low, sloping roofs and wide "galleries" across the front, stoutly built to stand the ravages of time. Some of them show their age a bit today, and some have been happily restored to youthful freshness by fresh paint and a few judicious touches in the way of modern convenience.

The Guibourd house is one of these. Built by a brother-in-law of Jean Baptiste Valle in 1784 and now occupied by a descendant of the Commandant, it combines the graces of a home with the historic interest of a museum. Perhaps the most interesting document in Ste. Genevieve is a parchment belonging to the owner of the Guibourd house which bears the signature of Louis the Fifteenth; it was signed at Versailles, April 21, 1764, according to the Treaty of Fontainebleau by the terms of which Louisiana was ceded (according to the letter) "with my full consent, to my very dear and well beloved cousin, the King of Spain."

Names of old French families, as well known as the Valles, persist in Ste Genevieve today. Rozier is one. The original Rozier in America was a friend and business partner of Audubon. The two young

men kept a store in Ste. Genevieve in 1810. Although the great naturalist soon quitted this prosaic occupation for the pursuit of birds, he left authentic memories of himself in the village, and its little museum houses many of his private papers, among others the receipt of his passage from France to America.

Across the square from the museum stands the old Catholic church in which the life of the village has centered for two hundred years. Back of it is the cemetery with its moss grown stones which record the death of many a notable citizen, American as well as French. Beside the Valles and the Roziers and the Boldu^gs are such names as that of Lewis Linn, Missouri's "Model Senator", a gentleman and a scholar who was a physician before he was a statesman, and who endeared himself to the people of Ste. Genevieve by his gallant return from St. Louis to fight the scourge of Asiatic cholera in 1832. Also the name of John Scott, who helped write the first constitution of our state, who was first Territorial delegate to Congress and later first Congressman from Missouri. He used to ride the distance from St. Louis to Washington on horseback and, with his white hair in a queue, a pistol in one side of his belt, a steel dirk in the other, a sheepskin over his saddle bags stuffed with books and papers, he would ride up Pennsylvania Avenue to represent the youngest of the twenty-four states in the nation's capitol.

Ste. Genevieve is a small town and it will not take the casual tourist long to give it the once-over; not even if he stops to admire each one of the quaint

old houses and to pay the Catholic church a hurried visit, with cursory glances for its ancient burial stones above the crypt and for its valuable paintings, one of them dated 1663; not even if he takes time to speed his automobile up the hill to the picturesque site where the building erected as the Academy of Ste. Genevieve in 1808 overlooks the town and the Mississippi river, now five miles distant, but formerly a stone's throw from the Rue Gabourie.

But the sightseer with a background of historic knowledge can happily lose track of time in Ste. Genevieve as he rambles through the quiet streets, visiting one shrine and another. On this street corner he will tell himself, subjects of the Bourbon kings formerly passed the time of day, exchanged greetings with the village priest, left their horses to be shod at the smithy, or carried home a wheel of crusty bread from the little bake shops; their wooden-wheeled carts, or *charettes*, creaked along the rutty road; on New Year's Eve the words of that famous song, La Guinolee, echoed on the frosty air as the youth of the village in masquerade visited from house to house.

Not in an hour nor in a day does one extract the full, mellow flavor of Ste. Genevieve. Visit it as suits your pleasure and convenience but remember while you are there, and do not forget when you have gone, that here in Missouri, in this little known village of the Middle West, you have touched the shoulder of time, as you walked in the footsteps of a vanished civilization.

A word about the highway we shall follow as we resume our journey from Ste. Genevieve. It follows, in part, an ancient trail beaten by the feet of pre-historic man, the Mound-Builder, then by the Red Man, and finally by the white man. De Soto led his straggling army up this trail from the wilds of Arkansas. Legend tells that the first commercial transaction in Missouri occurred when some of the Spanish soldiers marched into the Ste. Genevieve district to trade with the Indians for that sorely needed commodity, salt!

Under the Spanish regime in Louisiana in the eighteenth century this trail became a highway, known as El Camino Real, or in the French tongue, La Rue Royale; both meaning the King's highway from which the beautiful boulevard in St. Louis takes its name. It ran between that city, then a fur trading post, through the villages of Ste. Genevieve and Cape Girardeau to New Madrid which we shall visit a little later. Where motor cars devour the mileage now, lead miners and fur traders, Spanish dons and French priests, plodded in the olden days.

Two and a half miles from Ste. Genevieve this rude road ran past the Royalist settlement of New Bourbon which struggled for existence a few brief years before the Louisiana Purchase. During the French revolution many of the dispossessed nobility fled to America in little colonizing groups. The town of Gallipolis in Ohio is the most noted outgrowth of such settlement. New Bourbon had not such a happy fate. The frail butterflies who alighted there, titled aristocrats from an artificial civilization, were un-

fitted to cope with the wilderness. The rigors of climate, the necessities of labor, the dread of Indians shortened their days or drove them from the perilous location. Today a cornfield covers the site of their pathetic experiment and only a glimpse of stone foundation here and there between the stacks of waving corn stirs the imagination.

Motoring down this highway, not far from the town of Wittenberg we shall pass close to one of the oldest landmarks in all this section of the Mississippi valley. This is a little island near the west bank of the river, known as Grand Tower Island. It was on this island in 1699 that one of a band of French Seminarians, on a missionary voyage, a priest named St. Cosme, ascended a rock and raised a cross thereon, afterwards conducting mass. Known as the "Rock of the Cross," this has remained a landmark of the Mississippi ever since. Some years ago Robert Ripley, of "Believe It or Not" fame, published an item, referring to this island as the smallest national park in the United States, but this was a mistake. Grand Tower Island is still the property of Missouri as it has been for many a day.

Turning our attention from history for a moment as we motor down this highway with a romantic past, let us give a thought to the scenery which indeed delights the eye. We have long since left the rolling prairies of the north behind us and the character of the woods has changed. Here and there we catch a glimpse of living green, pertaining to the Ozarks' native cedar, and again we notice the dogwood or clumps of big pecan trees which flourish in

this region. And as we enter Cape Girardeau the many myrtles and magnolias remind us how far south of the Missouri river we have traveled.

Cape Girardeau is a modern, lively little city yet with interesting reminders of its past. It has good hotels and schools and a busy levee on the river where frequent steamboats dock. The State Teachers' College, picturesquely situated on a hill, has an extensive collection of Mound Builders' relics unearthed by Allen Beckwith. And it should be mentioned in passing, that one of Cape Girardeau's foremost citizens, Louis Houck, wrote a history of Missouri, covering the period from the time of its first settlement, to the Purchase in 1804, which is both authoritative and absorbing.

This city was founded, eleven years before the Louisiana Purchase, as an Indian trading post, by a French Canadian who flaunted the Spanish title, Don Luis Lorimier. At that time all this territory was owned by Spain and Lorimier served under the Spanish government. He was a wise, fair and successful trader with the Indians and he married an Indian wife, Charlotte Pepanmiah. But legend tells that he wore his hair in a long black queue with which he used to switch his horse and that he sometimes used it on his wife as well! If you visit the grass-grown cemetery, occupying another picturesque hill overlooking the Mississippi, you may read the stately Latin inscription on the marble monument to Don Lorimier and his Indian wife, Charlotte.

During the Civil War the Union soldiers built four forts in Cape Giradeau, one at each corner of

the town. Today a hospital, a school, and various pleasant homes mark the site of those armed camps where cannon used to frown.

Our next stop will be at New Madrid which as we may guess from its name, dates back to the Spanish possession of Louisiana. It was a flourishing village in the years when the red and yellow banner of Spain gave way to the tri-color of Napoleon and that, in turn, to the Stars and Stripes which have floated over this region since 1804; but in 1811 it was devastated by earthquakes which frightened the inhabitants so that they ran away and never returned to locate their homes.

An English naturalist, John Bradbury by name, was traveling down the Mississippi at the time of the great earthquake, and wrote his experience of it in his diary. Letters written by men living in New Madrid at this time have also been found so that altogether we have a very clear idea of this terrible convulsion of nature.

Though it is usually referred to as "The New Madrid Earthquake", it was not one quake but 1,874 of them altogether which shook the earth's surface during the winter of 1811-12. The first one startled people on December 16th. The last, and greatest, said to be the most severe earthquake ever known in the United States, occurred on February 7th. The shock of this was so great that it caused the mighty Mississippi to run uphill for a few brief moments; when the waters came crashing back the waves mounted thirty feet high.

Banks caved in and huge trees were swallowed

by the river. Writers who were in the midst of it have described the noisy roar of crashing trees, the screaming of frightened animals and honking wild geese, the general pandemonium that existed. Hills were flattened like pancakes and lakes were formed where there had been no water. It is easy to imagine how terrified people must have been but the staunch courage of the pioneer did not altogether desert them then. Tradition tells the story of a man dubbed "Duck River" Gibson who seized his fiddle, as he felt the earthquake's shock, and began to play a dance tune.

"If we've got to go down, we might as well go dancing!" said he, cheerfully.

When the earth finally stopped shaking in the spring of 1812, most of the inhabitants had fled from the region of New Madrid and the surface was so completely changed that the government of the United States was obliged to re-survey a million acres of land.

For many years after the earthquake this Southeastern part of Missouri known as the Lowlands, was useless swamp. By degrees it was drained and improved, the cypress forests cleared away, and today it is a prosperous, farming country good for a big, important crop which cannot be raised anywhere else in Missouri, a crop worth millions of dollars yearly. From Sikeston down to Carruthersville you will see field on field of cotton, yielding two and a half times as much per acre as any other part of the United States.

Two of these cotton growing counties, Dunklin

and Pemiscot, are the lowest land in Missouri as well as the furthest south. They form what is known as "The Boot Heel of Missouri". A glance at the map shows the reason for the nickname.

At the time Missouri applied for admission in the Union, a man named John Hardeman Walker, owned many acres of this low land on which he raised great herds of cattle. When the boundaries of the state were being drawn at Washington, the thirty-sixth parallel was suggested as the southern boundary line. This line would have left all the land owned by Mr. Walker in the wilderness, to which he heartily objected.

It was through his petitions, and the influence of some of his friends, that the United States government was persuaded to include this sub-tropical "heel", or panhandle as it is also called, within the boundary of Missouri. Another glance at a map, this time of the United States, will show that otherwise Dunklin and Pemiscot counties would dip so far below the straight line of our southern border as to be included in the state of Arkansas.



THE OZARKS

Our next day's journey is going to take us into that picturesque and interesting region known as the Ozarks. The name is believed to be derived from two French words "aux arcs", which the earliest French settlers in the state used to describe certain tribes of Indians with bows and arrows. The Ozark Plateau is one of five natural regions into which the geographers divide Missouri. It commences a little north of the Missouri river, rolls its rugged hills close to the eastern and the western boundaries of the state, and extends over the southern boundary into Oklahoma and Arkansas.

Though usually referred to as the Ozark Mountains, they are not high enough to deserve this appellation according to geographers. Similar in appearance to the Scottish Highlands, these timbered ranges which lend so much beauty to Missouri, ought to be designated the Ozark Highlands. A beautiful land of steep, rocky, or wooded hills, deep valleys and clear, swift streams, it was very early visited by white settlers, but it did not progress in the march of civilization like other parts of the state.

The roughness of the Ozark country kept it from developing for many years. Even today in the

more remote sections there are survivals of a primitive life in the speech, the dress and the customs of the hill people who still live in log houses as their forefathers did. "Ozark Mountain Folks" and "The Ozarks: An American Survival", by Vance Randolph, now living at Pineville, where he has made an intensive study of the subject, give us interesting aspects of this region.

But there are other phases of the Ozarks with which to be reckoned. There are the beautiful vacation playgrounds which attract so many visitors throughout the year. Clear rivers and lakes for the enjoyment of swimming, fishing and boating; mysterious caves to explore and ten thousand springs of cool, sparkling water; also an increasing number of excellent roads and trails through the wooded hills for people who want to motor, ride, hunt, and hike. Summer hotels, club houses and private cottages offer hospitality to visitors, within and without the state who wish *to be shown* the beauties of the Highlands.

Still another section of the Ozarks, which is not so rugged, has kept step with progress in many a brisk, small town and farming area. It has been discovered that many of the sloping hillsides, when cleared of rock, are good farming land as are the gentler valleys between. It is from such localities that we get the delicious small fruits, peaches, and strawberries, in particular, for which the Ozarks are noted.

The east central part of the Plateau is a distinct, geographical division known as the St. Francois

mountains. A very old part of the state, historically, for it contains the famous lead mines which attracted the first settlers to Missouri. Much interesting history attaches to these mines, which produce one third of all the lead mined in the United States. Mine La Motte bears the name of an early governor of Louisiana, La Motte Cadillac, who came here hunting silver, and has a record of continuous operation for over two hundred years. It was only closed a few years ago. A little later than the French came Moses Austin, a Connecticut Yankee, who established himself at Mine a Breton near Potosi, and in developing the lead mines played an important role in the development of the wilderness. It was his son, Stephen Austin, who led a band of colonizing Missourians into Texas in the early years of the nineteenth century and for whom the Capital of that state is named.

Arcadia Valley is a delightful playground in the St. Francois mountains and it is there that we shall see Taum Sauk, the highest peak of the Highlands with an elevation of 1,800 feet. Compared with some of the dizzy heights of the Rocky mountains, or of Mt. Whitney in Alaska, which soars 20,000 feet in air, Missouri's highest peak seems like a baby among giants; but it is not necessary to make comparisons to enjoy its wooded beauty. Still another well-known peak in this region is that of Pilot Knob which gave its name to a battlefield of the Civil War. Nearby is a statue to General Ulysses Grant who fought a hard campaign in Missouri before he became Commander-in-Chief of the Union army.

It is pleasant to linger in Arcadia, to enjoy the scenery and the out-door life; but the Ozarks call us south again, and westward through the state, taking us through a fruit growing section known as The Land of the Big Red Apple. This is also the heart of the peach growing country.

We shall see some particularly beautiful scenery a little south of our highway, at Cedar Gap, although the heart of the Ozark Plateau lies a little to the north in Pulaski county, noted for its many caves. Huge stalagmites and stalactites adorn many of these caves. For those who like superlatives let it be told that the largest cave in the state, probably in the world, is Marvel cave in Stone county. It has never been completely explored, though many of its large rooms and narrow, winding halls, deep underground, have been explored. The largest room measures 700 feet long, 350 feet wide and 175 feet high. A veritable throne room! Still another superlative of the Ozarks relates to Big Spring, in Carter county through which that loveliest of Ozark rivers, the Current, flows. Big Spring is the largest spring in our state and the second largest in North America. It discharges over 600 gallons of water every twenty-four hours and its flow is as great as that of a small river.

Crossing the southern highway towards the west we come to Springfield, proudly calling itself the Queen City of the Ozarks. The title is not undeserved for it is an attractive, progressive, little city with a fine elevation which gives it a bracing atmosphere and a wide view over the countryside, many

modern buildings, and a lively trade. Two of Missouri's well-known educational institutions are here, Drury College and also one of our five State Teachers' Colleges. In spring time the Japanese cherry blossoms draw crowds of sightseers to Washington, but Springfield, which has planted forty of these famous trees may stay home, and enjoy its own blossoms.

Although agreeable to live in because of its modern life, Springfield cherishes the memory of its historic past and is awake to the importance of preserving its traditions. Notice that tablet on a building which marks the site of a tavern on the old Butterfield Stage Coach line which ran through Springfield. This coach line carried mail as well as passengers overland to California in 1858, the first overland mail which was an adventurous undertaking. Up to that time, letters from Maine to California had to be carried in sailing vessels around Cape Horn, or across the Isthmus of Panama. This was a great time saver — if the Overland Mail reached its destination; which it did, thanks to the courage and daring of the men who transported it. But passengers who traveled in the "Pitching Betsies", as the old Concord coaches were called, received this warning as they left St. Louis:

"From now on you will be in Indian country and the full safety of your person cannot be vouched for by anyone save God."

Outside of Springfield is the famous battleground of Wilson's Creek, one of the big battles of

the Civil War in Missouri, where the Union general, Nathaniel Lyon, was killed. It was a Confederate officer who said of him that "He went out to battle against a force twice as great as his own with a calmness that was as pathetic as his courage was sublime." Foes were generous as well as formidable in those days.

Not far away from this Ozark city is the site of the most ancient ruin in our state. The walls and moat of this pre-historic fort can still be seen where a granite marker, six feet tall, has been erected. This used to be called Spanish Fort because it was formerly believed to have been built by Spaniards who long ago explored Missouri. But it is known now to have been built much earlier than the time of Spanish explorations by those pre-historic people, The Mound Builders, whose earthworks are so numerous near the Mississippi. For this reason, it is now called Fort Ancient. Some time ago a young man was ploughing near the fort and he uncovered an old burial place in which he found four skeletons, facing each other in pairs, and between them was the skeleton of a queer animal, a little larger than a dog, with the saber teeth of a prehistoric animal. The life of a farmer's boy in Missouri has all sorts of archaeological possibilities.

From Springfield we will travel south into Taney county to visit what is known as the Shepherd of the Hills country, made famous by the novelist, Harold Bell Wright, who wrote a book of that name. Wright lived in this part of the Ozarks a number of years. He became acquainted with

many of the hill people, collected old stories from them and used them in a number of his novels.

Let us stop for a visit at Branson on Lake Taneycomo, the beautiful artificial lake, twenty miles long, which was made by building a large dam across the White river at Forsyth. The great power house which supplies this region with electricity is at Forsyth where we may also stop. The lake is a favorite resort for tourists, but indeed, all of Taney county is vacation ground. It has a large game preserve and since October, the ideal month for a "*Show Me*" tour, is also the open season for hunting, we are likely to see a good many men with guns and dogs. In this locality they are probably hoping for some of the wild turkeys which used to be so plentiful in Missouri, years ago, but which came near vanishing with the buffalo and the passenger pigeon.

Across the shining waters of Lake Taneycomo is the town of Hollister where the well-known School of the Ozarks is located. This unique school was established to help boys and girls of the hill country to an education they could not otherwise hope to obtain. The school manages its own farm, dairy, canning factory and print shop where pupils work during the school term to pay their expenses. The courses are all intended to be of practical value to the pupils who come from many a primitive community. One year an instructor brought for the benefit of a course on turkey raising, her own flock of one thousand turkeys.

From Hollister we will take our way through

the Western Ozarks to a pretty little town with an Indian name, Neosho, which means cold, clear water and sounds a bit like the rushing of the little river that hurries past it. Not far from Neosho is the hamlet, Diamond Grove, where a remarkable man who is a native of Missouri, spent his childhood. Born a negro slave, George Washington Carver, the famous negro scientist, was stolen from his master as a child and traded back to him for an old, worn-out horse. Recently a bronze bust, atop a marble pedestal, of Carver has been placed on the campus of Tuskegee institute in Alabama where since 1896 he has been a member of the faculty. It is said that he once refused an offer to work in the Edison laboratories because he wished to dedicate his life to work for his own race. He is now director of the department of agricultural research at Tuskegee. His discoveries include such surprising results as a couple of hundred products made from peanuts and one hundred from sweet potatoes!

Joplin beckons to us next, a busy, mining city with modern playgrounds, swimming pools and parks and a lively atmosphere. Two national highways, No. 71, known as the "Broadway of America" and No. 66, re-named the "Will Rogers Highway", intersect here, giving Joplin the right to call itself "The Crossroads of America." A stream of travel flows up and down and back and forth across the United States through this Missouri city in the heart of the greatest zinc mining district in the world.

Another ambitious little city in western Mis-

souri is Carthage where we shall motor next. Carthage has several claims to beauty. One is its situation on a high, wooded plateau like that of Springfield, which gives enchanting views over the country side. Another is its beautiful white limestone, native to this region, from which so many of its buildings are constructed. It was also used for our State Capitol at Jefferson City whither our "Show Me" tour will conduct us later. A rare tree, the mimosa, flourishes in Carthage. These trees, grown from seed pods sent from China, have a pink blossom, soft as a powder puff, which turns bright red after a rain. Mimosas require a warm climate and are seldom seen in the United States, outside the southern states; these in Carthage must find soil and climate exceedingly hospitable for they have grown bigger and taller than the parent tree usually grows in China.

ON THE BOONSLICK TRAIL

If we followed the highway north from Carthage along the Missouri-Kansas border, through the region known as the Old Plains, we would presently find ourselves at the gates of Kansas City, the second largest city in the state; sometimes called "The Gateway to the Southwest" and sometimes "The Heart of America." Because it is such a big and important city it also deserves a chapter to itself so we shall defer our visit there till later.

A word about the Old Plains region before we turn our faces eastward again. Long the frontier of the United States, Missouri's western border boasted two white settlements at an early day. Fort Clark, variously known as Fort Osage and Fort Sibley, near the present town of Sibley, was built in 1808; set in a government tract of land known as the "Six Mile Country", it was the farthest west settlement in the United States as late as 1819. In 1821, New Harmony Mission was established, south of Fort Sibley, by a brave little band sent out by "the United Foreign Missionary Society", who sought to Christianize the Osage Indians.

This border country was the scene of bloody strife during the Civil War as it had been a bone of bitter contention since the Kansas-Nebraska Act of

1854. The murderous attack of John Brown, a man more famous in literature than he deserves to be in history, and the retaliatory measures of Missourians were bred in this border country. And it was here that Missouri's famous painter, George C. Bingham, found the harrowing scenes of his wartime painting, "Order Number Eleven."

But we will not travel further north than the town of Nevada, in Vernon county, where we must stop to admire the recent work of our native sculptor, Frederick Hibbard, whose study of Mark Twain's immortal boys we saw at Hannibal. Nevada's tribute on the court house lawn, is to her own Senator William Joel Stone, who for over twenty-five years served the state as congressman, governor and senator, the first and only Missourian who ever filled the three offices. Near Nevada is the home of the Missouri National Guard, which encamps for training every summer at Camp Clark.

We shall pass close to it as we turn towards the Ozarks again to visit Ha-Ha-Tonka Park, an interesting and, by some people, considered the most beautiful region in Missouri. Ha-Ha-Tonka is a natural park of six hundred acres which offers many picturesque attractions for sightseers. It has a big, natural lake of its own, a natural bridge and many interesting caves. No one should miss Ha-Ha-Tonka who wants to know what Missouri can boast in scenery.

From Ha-Ha-Tonka, it is only a few gallons of gas to Camdentown, that very new town which lies at the foot of the man-made Lake of the Ozarks. This

is the largest wholly artificial lake in the United States and it was made by building a great dam over the Osage river. It is 125 miles long and has an irregular shoreline of over 1,300 miles. Because of its twisting length it is sometimes called the Blue Dragon of the Ozarks but only by viewing it from an airplane could one see its resemblance to the great sprawling shape of a Chinese dragon.

We must follow its winding shore line to the mighty Bagnell Dam and if, scientifically minded, visit the huge power plant which furnishes electric power for the city of St. Louis and other points in the Mississippi valley. Old timers deplore the valley farms and homes and lovely scenery that were destroyed by this piece of mammoth engineering and the people of Linn Creek, that little village now sleeping at the bottom of the lake, have been loud in their lamentations. But Progress is inexorable in its stride and one had better count its credit than its debit side when the inevitable is accomplished. Because of its situation almost in the center of the state, the Lake of the Ozarks has become a great playground for Missourians. Hotels, camps, and cabins stretch along its wooded banks and hunters, fishermen, and lovers of water sports find it easily accessible for week-end visits if unable to enjoy a longer vacation.

From Bagnell Dam it is a short ride to Jefferson City but we are not ready for a visit to our Capitol yet. Our next objective is the Missouri River valley, an old, populous section of the state extending the full width from east to west through what

may be truly called the historical cradle of Missouri.

Railroads and highways, many-acred farms and busy centers of population, with a moving picture house on every Main street and an oil station at every cross-roads, have changed the face of the landscape where Indians and wild beasts once disputed possession with Daniel Boone and his followers.

But here and there we shall see some landmark of olden times, perhaps an old log house or little church; more likely an ante-bellum mansion backed by its quaint slave cabins; maybe only a bronze highway marker or tablet on some building, telling us the legend of the past. What stories such reminders tell us! Stories of fur traders, explorers, and pathfinders who ventured up the great river in man powered boats before the first steamboat churned its muddy waters. Stories of men who cleared the forests and built their homes, established trade routes, published early newspapers, preached the Gospel and pushed the edge of civilization deeper and deeper into the wilderness. There is nothing in our state, nor perhaps in any other, more interesting than the settlement of the Missouri River Valley.

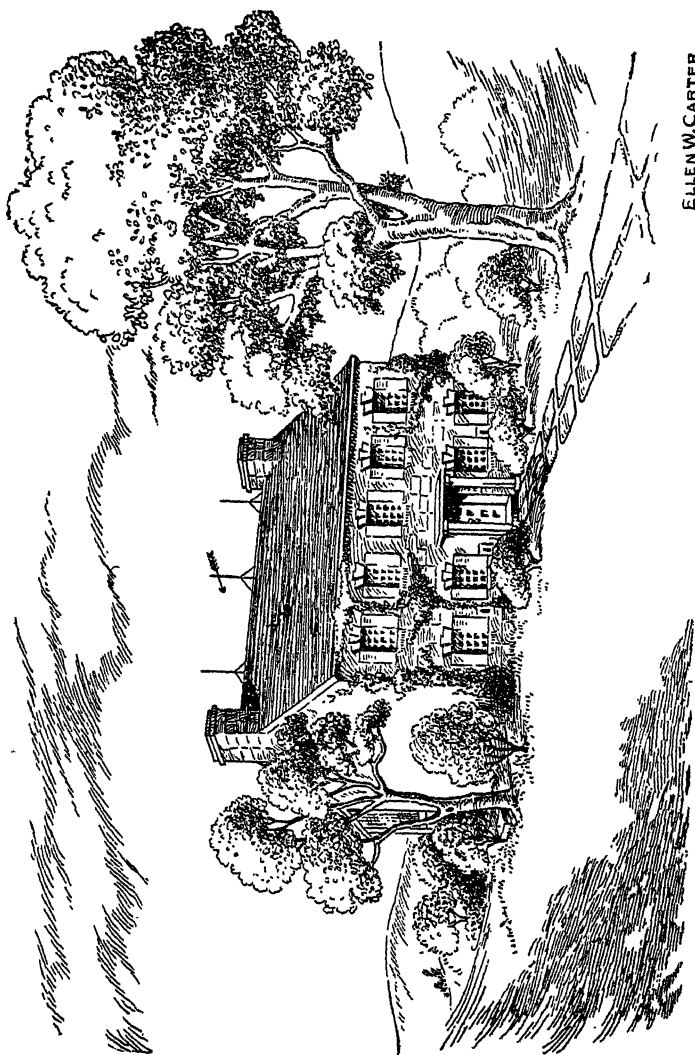
A national highway traverses this region, part of which was known in pioneer days as the "Boonslick Country". At the invitation of the Spanish governor of Louisiana, Daniel Boone led a party of Americans from Kentucky into this country in 1799. He was sixty-seven at the time and he came on foot, attended by his wife, Rebecca, his sons and daugh-

ters and their families, and a number of friends, restless and eager, like all the pioneers, for new opportunities.

An old Indian trail or trace, led from St. Louis, then a small French village, into the western wilderness. The sons of Daniel Boone traveled this as far as the salt licks in what is now Howard county in 1807, evaporating salt and shipping it down the river in wooden dug-outs. Thus the trail came to be called the Boonslick road, the first state road to be surveyed by Nathan Boone himself in 1814. After the Louisiana Purchase this country was thrown open to American settlers who swarmed into it with eager expectations, as they were to keep on swarming westward for over half a century.

Let us start our tour of the old Boonslick country with a visit to the stone house in Warren county which Nathan Boone built in 1813. Daniel Boone lived with his son in his old age and died in this house in his eighty-second year. Sturdy and venerable like the aged pioneer who lived to a green old age, this delightful house is well cared for by its present owner who has judiciously restored it. The walnut panels in the great square parlor show the marks of the axe upon them; wooden dowel pins are to be seen in the place of nails; and the square loop holes in the thick stone walls at the front of the house are reminders of the days of Indian warfare in Missouri.

At a short distance from the house stands the famous Judgment Tree, an ancient elm under which Boone, when an old man, renowned for his honesty



ELLEN W. CARTER

Boone House, built in 1813

and wisdom, sat as a Judge or Syndic appointed by the Spanish governor, to settle disputes among his neighbors. Although he had little education in books, wrote his name with difficulty, and had original ideas on the subject of spelling, he had great knowledge of a kind that was more useful than book learning to his life and times. And he had a character of such high qualities that his name was made illustrious in Europe as well as America, by this tribute Byron wrote of him in "Don Juan".

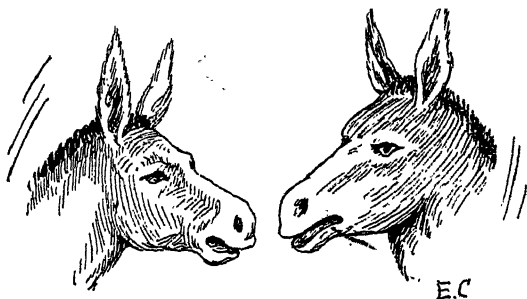
"Not only famous, but of that good fame
Without which glory's but a tavern song.
Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame
Which hate, nor envy, e'er could tinge with wrong."

Leaving the peaceful valley of the Femme Osage river, in which the Boone house is located, we shall take to the highway again. Stone boulders inset with bronze tablets which the Daughters of the American Revolution have placed along this highway, inform us that we are traveling over the famous Boonslick road. It leads us through rich farming country, each county boasting notable stock and grain farms as well as thriving towns with a cultural life not always to be found in small, commercial centers.

Take the "Kingdom of Callaway", for instance, that county which derived its nickname from an incident in the Civil War. Most of the able bodied Callaway men were fighting for the Confederacy when the news came that the Pike County Militia was about to invade the county and bring its citizens

under subjection to the Union; a force of several hundred old men and boys armed with such formidable weapons as squirrel rifles and home-made, painted, wooden cannons went forth to repel the invaders; instead, negotiations were entered into and after much consultation between delegates of the Home Guards and the militia, the sovereignty of Callaway county was guaranteed by General Henderson, as a representative of the Union, and the valiant old men disbanded. One of the few happy incidents of reasonableness and generosity in a time of bitter feeling between blood-brothers.

Callaway is a noted livestock county. The mule which made its first appearance in America when Washington received a present of a pair from the King of Spain in 1787, came into Missouri via the Santa Fe trail from Mexico around 1825 and has continued to flourish in this section of the country.



But Fulton, the county seat, is noted as an educational center with two excellent institutions for young men and young women, Westminster college for the former, William Woods college for the latter,

each offering certain advantages peculiar to the small college.

Audrain county to the north may be described as close kin to Callaway with a marked resemblance in its salient features. Audrain is recognized as the saddle horse center of the world, having raised five of the World's Champions. The renowned Rex McDonald, greatest show horse of them all, never defeated except by his own sister, was raised near Mexico, one of the best known towns in this part of Missouri. Though not backward in mentioning that this is where the first \$1,000 and the first \$1,500 saddle show rings were held, Mexico also boasts of its schools, especially the Missouri Military Academy for boys which is a leading institution of its kind.

The center of education in our state is at Columbia, where the University of Missouri is located, and this will be our next stop on highway 40. This is the oldest state university west of the Mississippi, founded in 1839. Many interesting things in connection with the university could be told about those pioneer Missourians, who having so recently cleared the wilderness and established their commonwealth thirsted to found a seat of learning in their midst; perhaps no story could be more illuminating than that of Edward Camplin, a man who could neither read nor write but who subscribed \$3,000 to the fund.

Three items of interest to be especially noted; one to be seen, a second to be recalled, a third to be visited and remembered with pride. A ramble over

the old campus will take us first to see the original tombstone of Thomas Jefferson, appropriately presented to the university because it was the first educational institution in the vast region acquired by the United States through the Louisiana Purchase. In case one's memory for history is a bit hazy here, let it be mentioned that it was Thomas Jefferson, third president of the United States, who made the treaty with France whereby all this territory of the Mississippi valley was acquired.

The old campus is distinguished by seven graceful pillars, twined with ivy, which are all that remain of the first Administration building after a sweeping fire. A lovely greensward slopes downward from these pillars to a wooded dell, first seen, and affectionately remembered by this writer, in the springtime when dotted by violets and spring beauties and brightened by the flash of many little goldfinches.

The old campus is so called to distinguish it from the new White campus of the Agricultural college which takes its name from the many beautiful white buildings upon it. It is here that we shall see the graceful Memorial Tower of native stone dedicated to the students who gave their lives in the World War.

One of the traditions of the university is that of its first electric lighting plant presented by Thomas Edison to his friend, Dr. Laws, then president of the university, in 1883. It was a temperamental affair, given to caprices, such as refusing to be depended upon for illumination, but as the herald

of a new system its uncertain rays created more excitement at the university than this generation finds easy to believe. And now for the pride and boast of this State University, its famous School of Journalism, one of the most notable in the United States, and as well known in the Orient as it is in America. Graduate students hold many responsible positions on Far Eastern newspapers, thanks to the happy rapport with China and Japan established by the late Dr. Walter Williams, founder of the School of Journalism.

Two other institutions of learning in Columbia should be mentioned, Christian and Stephens, both Junior Colleges for women. The names of two noted women, one in the present limelight, the other belonging to the past, are associated with these colleges. Out of her long retirement, the celebrated actress, Maude Adams, was called a few years ago to occupy a chair of dramatic art at Stephens College. Girls too young to have known the art of Miss Adams in "Peter Pan" or "Babbie" now enjoy the privilege of studying stage management and training for theatrical roles under her direction.

Now with a piquant sense of contrast between the college girl of today and that of almost seventy-five years ago, let us turn our thoughts to Christian College in 1866 when a young lady in hoops was sweeping her full skirts into the class room. This was Miss Vinnie Ream, later to become Vinnie Ream Hoxie, the sculptress. She is remembered today as the only woman for whom President Lincoln ever sat, her fame being established by her

successful bust of him. Her studio in Washington, now used as a Swedish restaurant, is well known to sightseers. In our Capitol at Jefferson City hangs a portrait of little Vinnie Ream, at work on the Lincoln bust, which was painted by the Missouri artist, George Caleb Bingham.

Between Columbia and our next stop on highway 40 we are going to make a detour which will take us some distance south of the Missouri river. This is another region noted for its farms, many of them held by the same family for generations. "Ravenswood" is one of these, and the story of the Leonard family in Missouri is one of the characteristic stories of the pioneer in this state.

Nathaniel Leonard was a young Vermonter who came to Missouri in 1825 to seek his fortune as had his elder brother, Abiel, who was a lawyer. He bought fertile, prairie land in Cooper county which he proceeded to farm while his brother was building a law practice across the river.

For more than forty years these devoted brothers lived in adjoining counties with the Missouri river rolling between them, and seldom missed a week-end visit with each other.

Abiel married and reared his family in Howard county where he practiced law successfully, became a Justice of the Missouri Supreme Court and one of the noted lawyers of the state in antebellum days. "Oakwood", the sturdy brick house which he built on the edge of Fayette in 1836 stands foursquare today, the recent birthplace of his great-great-grand-children.

Nathaniel Leonard increased his acreage in Cooper county, imported the first Shorthorn cattle west of the Mississippi river in 1839, and built a famous herd at the same time he was establishing a family and a fortune. The present stately house, erected in 1880 on the exact foundation of the older one which burned, some years earlier, has also seen the birth of the fifth generation of Leonards in Missouri. Of the two thousand acres which comprise the present farm of "Ravenswood" some of it remains virgin soil which has never known a plow but is beautifully carpeted with bluegrass as in the days of its founder.

If it were summer time we would make our next stop at the brisk, tree shaded town of Sedalia where the annual State Fair is held, a noteworthy institution which draws large crowds to enjoy the display of Missouri's varied products and manufactures. Sedalia was for a number of years the home of one of Missouri's noted senators, George Graham Vest.

It is with the thought of Vest in our minds that we shall proceed to Warrensburg, the county seat of Johnson county where still another of our State Teachers' Colleges is located. The particular object of our visit to Warrensburg is the old court house, a building now owned as a private dwelling. At the right side of the door The State Historical Society has placed a tablet which reads as follows:

"Within these walls on September 23, 1870, Senator George Graham Vest delivered his famous eulogy on the dog. He died August 14, 1904 and was buried in Bellefontaine cemetery, St. Louis."



ELLEN W CARTER

Ravenswood, built in 1880

The story of the famous dog case, known as "The Trial of Old Drum," is familiar to most Missourians. Drum was a noted foxhound whose owner sued for \$50.00 on the charge that his dog had been shot, wickedly and maliciously. It is said that before the trial, Vest, who represented the plaintiff, remarked to one of the defendant's lawyers, "Crittenden, I will win this case or make an apology to every dog in Missouri."

His address to the jury lasted about one and a half hours, touching every aspect of the case, but that which dimmed the eyes of all his hearers and won the verdict for the plaintiff was his peroration which said, in part:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or untreacherous is his dog!"

Returning from Warrensburg to our pursuit of the old Boonslick Trail through the Missouri River Valley, we shall make our next call at Boonville, one of the picturesque old river towns of this region. Its wooded bluffs, bright with October foliage like those we saw above the Mississippi at Hannibal, are a gorgeous sight this time of year. Boonville is quaint and historic, modern and progressive at the same time.

Its settlement dates back to Missouri's territorial days. It was the western terminus of the Boonslick trail from St. Louis and, after the destruction of Old Franklin, its neighbor across the river, it be-

came the eastern terminus of the Santa Fe trail. Great days were those in the prosperous thirties and forties when caravans of pack trains and ox-carts rumbled through its streets and a stream of valuable commerce flowed between it and the southwest!

The fever of the Civil War waxed hot in Boonville. Divided sentiments tore friends and families apart. Troops were quartered in Cooper county, of which Boonville is the county seat, during the four years conflict and guerrilla warfare harrassed defenseless citizens. The Battle of Boonville, though reckoned a minor military engagement, had a decisive effect in helping to save Missouri for the Union.

One of the landmarks of the state is an old theatre in Boonville, known as Thespian Hall. Built in 1857, it was advertised as one of the largest and most magnificent buildings west of St. Louis. During the Civil War it was used for soldiers quarters and as a hospital; later it fell on sorry days and of recent years, re-named the Lyric Theatre, it has been operating as a motion picture house. Because of the owner's desire to tear it down and rebuild a modern structure, a movement is now on foot in Boonville, assisted by the state, to restore the historic building to its former beauty and maintain it as a permanent memorial. The success of a similar project in Colorado and the fame of the Play Festival which brings crowds of visitors annually to the restored Central City Opera House, younger by twenty years than Thespian Hall, should hearten Missourians in this undertaking.



Thespian Hall, built in 1857

There is so much to say of the past in Boonville one is in danger of neglecting the present but two contemporaneous items must be mentioned before we cross the river to the site of Old Franklin. One is the fact that Boonville possesses a unique factory for the manufacture of a characteristic product of the state, the corn cob pipe, and that Christopher Morley once visited here and wrote an eulogy in humorous vein upon the subject. The other is, that one of the old private schools of the state is located here, Kemper Military school, established in 1844, and that Will Rogers was once enrolled as a student.

Now let us take the handsome, new bridge across the river where not so long ago we were obliged to depend upon an old-fashioned ferry, and on the north side of the Missouri pause to view the site of an ambitious town which promised to become a metropolis some hundred and twenty years ago. Colorado has its "ghost" towns, stores, and houses empty as the proverbial bird's nest, but here on the banks of the ravenous Missouri we may not see the ghosts of the stores, taverns, churches, academies and log dwellings which housed that village of 1,500 people in 1819. They all lie buried under the restless tawny waters and the only ghosts are the compelling memories of the notable Missourians who once lived here. Future governors, senators, judges of the Supreme Court of Missouri, physicians, newspaper men, a future artist, and a general of the Confederate army — the names of Franklin's illustrious citizens give the lie to the all embracing tradition of the crudity of the pioneer.

The Santa Fe Trail had its genesis in Franklin in 1821 when a man named William Becknell, accompanied by twenty or thirty fellow adventurers, led a trading expedition to the southwest. As the outfitting point for this trade, Franklin was a commercial hive five years later when President Monroe appointed three commissioners to survey the trail, one of them being Benjamin H. Reeves, then Lt. Governor, who formerly lived in this thriving town. Best known perhaps, throughout the nation, of all those whom Franklin claims is the renowned Kit Carson who was apprenticed in boyhood to a saddler here. He ran away at the age of sixteen to join a caravan to Santa Fe and never returned to the village though he was valiantly advertised by the saddler who offered one cent reward for his capture.

The newspaper in which this advertisement was published was The Missouri Intelligencer and Boon's Lick Advertiser, the first American newspaper published west of St. Louis. It was established in Franklin in April, 1819 and continued to be published there until the depredations of the river caused the village to be abandoned in 1826. The ground it stood upon was swallowed by the hungry waters and the old town named in honor of Benjamin Franklin, "Once the child of smiling fortune, then of scornful fate," became a thing of the past.

A monument, erected by the Missouri Press Association, stands near the north end of the bridge we crossed from Boonville, marking the site of the building in which this pioneer newspaper was published in the vanished town. If we had lingered

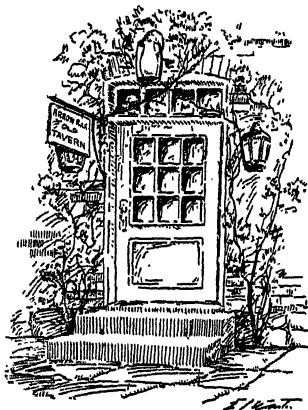
longer in Columbia to visit the library of the State Historical Society we could have seen many files of *The Intelligencer*, excellently preserved. Among the long-winded congressional reports and political diatribes which composed so large a part of the paper were many advertisements; one cannot help wondering if the following was successful. It would seem that a young lady who answered the somewhat exacting requirements of this advertiser would have had to be singularly free from an inferiority complex.

"A Wife Wanted."

"A lady who possesses an ordinary share of good sense, who has had a liberal education, who has not corrupted the mind with too much novel reading who has somewhat expanded the imagination with a moderate course of history, who is an adept in plain needlework, who is acquainted with the duties of the kitchen as well as to adorn a drawing room; whose bosom glow with becoming warmth; whose sensorium is so happily organized as not to be carried to extremes upon trivial or common occurrences, and who is not too fond of visiting, would obtain an answer by addressing a line to A. B."

IN THE MISSOURI RIVER VALLEY

When we crossed the bridge at Boonville, we entered Howard county, one of the oldest and best-known in the state. Here were the salt springs, discovered by the Boones, which attracted many wild animals and gave the name of "Boonslick" to the region. Twelve years later a man named John



Hardeman, came to Missouri from Tennessee, bought a large tract of rich, river bottom land in this county and developed a famous botanical garden, the forerunner of Shaw's Garden in St. Louis. Its bright beauty was the wonder and delight of the "upper country" until it, like Franklin, was destroyed by the river.

Howard is called "The Mother of Counties" because it was originally so large that thirty-five counties were later carved from it. The county seat is at Fayette, named in honor of the Marquis de Lafayette, idol of early Americans, and a visitor to St. Louis soon after Howard was organized. The stories one could tell of this old town, center of political agitation and hotbed of Whiggery up to the Civil War! It was the home of many of the most noted pioneers in the state and has given jurists and statesmen, scholars and authors as well as three Protestant Bishops to the nation.

Colleges are as plentiful in the Missouri River Valley as walnut trees and Fayette has good reason to be proud of hers. Central College is a flourishing co-educational institution, affiliated some years ago with old Howard-Payne Academy for girls. Among its valuable possessions, which links it with the past, is an ancient telescope once used by a Professor Prichett who taught at Howard-Payne. And it was a son of this professor, Dr. Henry Pritchett, the well-known educator and scientist, former President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and of the Carnegie Institute, who established standard time throughout the Mississippi Valley!

From Howard we shall cross over into Saline county, one of the richest agricultural counties in the state, its broad fertile prairies studded with splendid farms. Marshall, named in honor of the great Chief Justice, John Marshall, and settled in 1839, is the county seat. Many of the first settlers of these central Missouri towns came from Virginia

and Kentucky, bringing their traditions of culture with them together with their family treasures of rosewood and mahogany. Such people settled Marshall and throughout all the fluctuations of progress, prosperity and depression, something of their quality has lingered in the town.

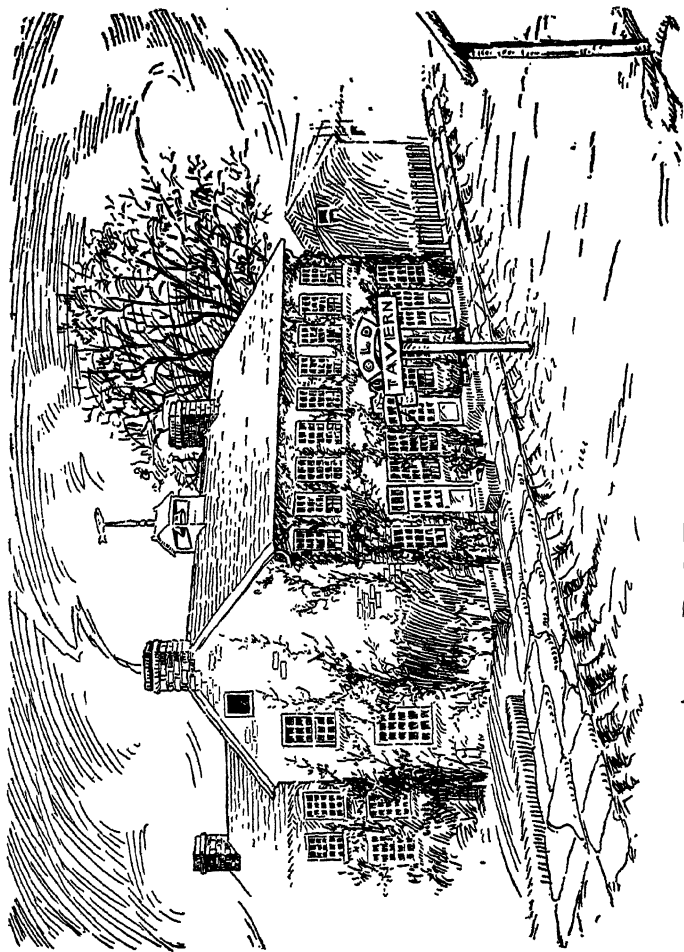
Marshall has its college too, a Presbyterian institution, the Missouri Valley College; it has two fine modern institutions, privately endowed, the Georgia Brown Blosser Home for Aged Women, and for Crippled Children; it has the recreational facilities all up-to-date towns require, park and swimming pool and Country Club; and above all, it has homes, and homes! To ride down Eastwood avenue on an October day, to see its avenue of hard maples aflame with glorious color and its spacious, comfortable houses deep-set in pleasant yards where flowers, dogs, and children are amicably adjusted to each other, is to know that Sinclair Lewis did not write "Main Street" of our Missouri towns.

Which way shall we go from Marshall? First on a little detour to visit the historic Old Tavern at Arrow Rock, only fourteen miles away. This sleepy little village beside the Missouri river has never known a railroad but in the old days, oxcarts sounded noisily on its cobbled street and many a rattling stage coach deposited famous visitors at its tavern door. George Caleb Bingham, widely known for his great paintings of Missouri life, lived here as a boy. Tradition tells that he mixed axle grease, brick dust and vegetable dyes for his first paints when working on his father's farm. The old-fashioned white house

in which he spent part of his boyhood is now open to visitors and we may step inside for a few moments on our way to the Tavern.

Another name closely associated with Arrow Rock, which every Missourian ought to remember with gratitude, is that of Dr. John Sappington. This was the good physician who discovered in quinine a remedy for that plague of the pioneers throughout the Mississippi valley, malaria! Chills and fever, or "the shakes", as it was expressively termed, was such a common disease that the summer, during which it was most prevalent, was known as "the sickly season". It was this same Dr. Sappington who sowed bluegrass over the prairies as he rode horseback to visit his widely scattered patients. His home was some miles from the village but the saddle bags in which he carried grass seed and the medicine kit containing his famous "ague pills" and other medicines, can be seen today in the museum of the Old Tavern.

This quaint brick building, built in 1830, is probably the best known historical shrine in Missouri. It has had a fortunate career and since so much that was important in the building of our state, not only entertainment for distinguished guests like Lafayette, but constitutional labors of legislative assemblies transpired in our taverns, it is particularly fortunate for sightseers that we have in existence today such a famous survival of that institution. The Arrow Rock Tavern was built by Joseph Huston, whose slaves burned the bricks that form its sturdy walls. Men on horseback, itinerant



Arrow Rock Tavern, built in 1830

preachers, lawyers, peddlers, accepted the hospitable invitation to "light and tie" at the hitching rack, "refreshment for man and beast" being offered for a modest sum. Traders bound for Santa Fe put up there for the night and loaded their ox-carts next morning for the long, dangerous haul across the desert. Statesmen of such fame as Thomas Hart Benton and distant travelers like Washington Irving drank their toddies before its blazing hickory fires.

Judge Huston died in 1865 and as the advancing railroads took passengers from the stage coaches, the tavern trade grew less. But still it struggled to keep its doors wide open until after a brief period of disuse the coming of the automobile brought it a new lease of life. It was purchased by the state in 1925, but wisely left in control of the D.A.R. Society whose patriotic members have done much to preserve its old time grace. Its bedrooms are delightfully furnished with quaint furniture they have collected and contributed, four-poster beds, mahogany wash stands with china bowls and pitchers, Godey prints and other treasures. Though bathrooms conveniently adjoin these bedrooms and electricity lights the glass lamps that once burned oil, the illusion is well preserved and one may close the door feeling that one has stepped into the past of a hundred years ago to spend the night.

An old delapidated wing of the Tavern has been completely modernized for a dining room; it is glassed around so that as one sits at a table, enjoying the comfortable, country fare, one has a wide

view of the grounds around the Tavern. These are now part of a state park which includes a teahouse, once the Ladies' Seminary of Arrow Rock (How our forbears did value education!) a small, stone hut which used to be the jail, and a big spring where the traders sometimes camped. In the distance gleams the sun-shot tawny river which has carried so many adventurers and explorers up and down its powerful current. A shrine, indeed, for paying tribute to the past, is Arrow Rock!

On our way again, following the highway back through Marshall towards Lexington! Somewhere to the north of this highway between the towns of DeWitt and Brunswick is a tablet which recalls one of the most romantic incidents in the history of Louisiana territory. In the garish light of today it is a little hard for the imagination to construct a French fort on the banks of the Missouri, or to visualize French officers with wigs, small clothes and sword guarding it, as a strategic point in the wilderness.

The existence of Fort Orleans is an authentic fact. No trace of it remains today but a rare document was brought to light in 1925, an authoritative map of the fort and its surroundings which established its location where the marker stands today. The fort was built by the French in 1723 as an outpost against Spanish invasion from the Pacific coast. Romantic tradition hovers about it in the story of a tribe of Missouri Indians who were on friendly terms with the French officers; the daughter of the chief and eleven of her tribe were

persuaded by the commanding officer to accompany him on a trip to France. That the princess was converted to Christianity and baptized in Notre Dame, that she was presented at the French court and later married by a young soldier named Du Bois can hardly be surpassed in a fairy tale of the best Cinderella tradition. The sequel is less romantic, for history narrates that the party had barely returned to Fort Orleans, young Madame Du Bois wearing the first Parisian gown imported into our state, when her countrymen uprose against the garrison and butchered every man in it. Whereupon the sergeant's Indian bride renounced Christianity and went back to her own people and the way of life best suited to a princess of the Missouri.

In Lexington we are once more in a town of marked native Americanism with many lovely old antebellum houses which enshrine a memory of gracious living in a day when Missouri was still the frontier. Stoutly built of warm red brick, green-shuttered, white-columned, with a long ell in the rear, after the approved fashion of the times which believed in building on as the family grew, houses of this type may still be seen in Lexington. They were frequently built on the high land that overlooks the river where the sunsets are unforgettable.

The town was settled in 1820 by Virginia and Kentucky pioneers whose daily lives made history. Here came those enterprising merchants and outfitters for the westward movement, John, James, and Robert Aull. A tablet on a Main street building marks the site of their establishment, so long asso-

ciated with western commerce. Not far away is a site of even greater historic interest, that of the old brick warehouse where Russell, Majors, and Waddell, the well-known freighters, supplied caravans to Santa Fe and to the gold fields of California and also backed the Pony Express of enduring fame.

Lexington was the scene of an important battle during the Civil War; young people of a generation ago who grew up in Lexington, hearing their elders live it over and over in their talk, believed it was *the most important battle* of the four year's struggle. Today bronze tablets mark the site of Union headquarters under General Mulligan and the site of Confederate headquarters under General Price with due impartiality, and the bitter feeling which rent the state apart is only hearsay now. Near the battle ground, which is also marked, is a handsome brick building, the old Anderson mansion, used as a hospital for wounded soldiers during the war, and recently converted into a museum.

As we ride through town our attention is called to the old court house which like many another veteran, carries a reminder of the war in the bullet which lodged in one of its tall columns during the Battle of Lexington. The boys who are trained at Wentworth Academy, that fine military establishment on the outskirts of town, may have youth's customary lack of interest in the past but they cannot entirely escap   its influence here.

Eyen as we cross the Missouri once again to resume our journey, a figure, rising out of the long ago, halts us with a reminder of old days. This is

the statue of the Pioneer Mother which stands in a little grassy park overlooking the river. It is one of twelve memorials given by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution to mark America's historic highway known as the National Old Trails Road. The figure is one of a tall, strong woman, wearing a sunbonnet, a short skirt and a man's boots; a little boy clings to her skirts and a baby cuddles in one arm. A symbol of courageous motherhood, cherishing its children in the face of danger, there is something heartening and inspiring in this statue of a pioneer woman, appropriately placed in one of the best of Missouri's pioneer towns.

A well conducted tour of Missouri which brings us back to the western part of the state, will logically end at Excelsior Springs for rest and refreshment. But let us make two other visits before we stop at the popular resort. For the sake of Alexander Doniphan we must stop to pay tribute before his statue in the little town of Richmond where he lived for many years. As we say in Missouri, Doniphan is "a name to conjure with". An able lawyer and a convincing orator in the days of legal-spell-binders, General Doniphan is best remembered as the leader of Missouri's mounted volunteers in the Mexican War. The expedition which he commanded in the face of almost insuperable difficulties for a distance of three thousand miles is considered by some historians the most remarkable military expedition in our annals.

Doniphan's name is almost as closely connected

with the town of Liberty as it is with that of Richmond and we shall include it in our tour for various reasons. Clay county was early settled and Liberty, the county seat, was an important trade center when steamboats carried supplies of all kinds up the Missouri river from St. Louis and when ox drawn wagons brought farming products from the Grand river country to exchange.

Here, too, began the movement for the Platte Purchase which was to result in adding six prosperous counties to Missouri soil. A mass meeting was held in connection with a militia muster on a farm near Liberty in 1835 and a proposal was made for the acquisition of the Platte river country by General Andrew Hughes. Among the committee appointed to draft a memorial for the purpose to Congress, was the aforementioned Alexander Doniphan and a man by the name of David Atchison. That name shall take us to the town of Plattsburg a little later.

But to return to Liberty. We have come to expect a college in every one of these Missouri Valley towns which were settled by people who held education in such high regard, and Liberty is no exception to the rule. William Jewell is a flourishing Baptist institution which was founded in 1849 for the training of ministers but today offers various educational opportunities to young men and women. This college is the possessor of two notable collections; a coin collection, valued between \$10,000 and \$15,000, and the Spurgeon library of Puritan literature, ranked as one of the most complete collections of

Puritan literature in the world. Among its treasures is the "Breeches Bible" published in 1583.

In leaving town we must ride through the square in order to admire the handsome new court house of Clay county and as we do so we may recall a startling event which occurred here many years ago. In a small building just off the square the first bank robbery in the state occurred in 1866! This was the beginning of a period of terrorism in Missouri, an aftermath of the Civil War, during which disbanded guerrillas of Quantrell's Band turned into bank and train robbers. Among the most notorious were the James brothers, Frank and Jesse, whose parental home was in Clay county.

It is a short ride, from Liberty to Excelsior Springs and not too much further north to Plattsburg for a pleasant jaunt. This county seat of Clinton county, in another of Missouri's noted stock-raising centers, has two objects of interest for the tourist, one belonging to the present, the other to the past. It would be difficult to find a literate person who would not respond with a gleam of intelligence to the name of that celebrated newspaper columnist, O. O. McIntyre, who was born in Plattsburg in that two-story, frame house just a moment's walk from the square. Through his sophisticated patter again and again ran a nostalgic vein of feeling for the scenes of his boyhood. Missouri likes to feel that he remembered this town with affection as well as that older Ohio town, Gallipolis, where he grew up.

For the many who know the name of "McIntyre" there may be few who are equally familiar with that of David R. Atchison. But this former resident of Plattsburg who is remembered for his able services in the United States Senate by a statue in the center of the town has a unique claim to distinction. It is a matter of national, rather than local interest, that this man was President of the United States for twenty-four hours, something that had never happened before and has never happened since in the annals of the Presidency.

Inauguration day fell on Sunday in 1849 when Zachary Taylor was about to be inaugurated and the official ceremony was deferred till Monday. By common consent and legal opinion, the President of the Senate, at that time Senator Atchison from Missouri, was President of the United States for the interregnum of twenty-four hours.

It is a famous watering place that takes us back to Excelsior Springs for a restful pause in our sightseeing tour. The health-giving mineral springs which draw people from all over the world were not publicized until sometime in the eighties when Mrs. Marietta Flack, a resident of the village, first brought their healing qualities to public notice.

The town which has become such a popular resort since then retains some of its early characteristics. It lies in a deep valley like a cup, surrounded by beautiful hills where redbud flowers in April and the woods are brilliant in October. Down in the narrow streets farm wagons park alongside automobiles

and the raucous voice of a mule may answer your motor horn.

But progress has brought many improvements to Excelsior which delight the tourist. There is an excellent resort hotel, affording entertainment of various kinds and there are trails and bridle paths among those lovely hills for those who wish to hike or ride. And a great Hall of Waters, costing a million dollars, has recently been opened by which the bath houses, springs and swimming pool are conveniently handled under one management. Excelsior has a Country Club and golf links in an admirable location, high above the town and it has its share of attractive homes. Doesn't it sound like a pleasant place to tarry awhile and recall the points of interest a "Show Me" tour reveals to us?

ST. LOUIS

Let us conclude our tour of Missouri with a visit to each of her three largest cities, St. Louis, Kansas City, and St. Joseph. Historically and socially, they have many points in common though they have developed in diverse ways commercially and each has a distinct individuality, different from the others.

Each of them is fortunately situated on one or the other of Missouri's two great rivers; each one was originally established as a trading post by the French fur traders and was later occupied by Americans from the southern states who stamped it with their characteristics. Intermingling traits of the two races persist in these cities today; friendliness, sociability, hospitality and an enduring love of home; these qualities flavor the life of the three cities, today as much as yesterday, no matter how widely they have differed in their development.

Since St. Louis is the oldest and largest of the three we will make our first visit there, and, in order to enjoy all it has to offer, we had better refresh our memories with its story.

When Charles Lindberg made preparations for his cross-Atlantic flight which was backed by a group of wealthy business men in St. Louis, he named his airplane "The Spirit of St. Louis." It was a good

name, and well chosen to express his appreciation for a certain spirit which made his backing possible.

This old, substantial, great city of the Middle West, holding firmly to the Mississippi with one hand while the other stretches far out towards the fertile prairies of the Missouri, has always had a spirit of its own.

In less than two hundred years, it has grown from an outpost in the wilderness to a city of 840,954 inhabitants.* It was in 1763 that a Frenchman named Pierre Laclede Liguist came up the Mississippi from New Orleans to establish a post for the Louisiana Fur Co., of which he was a partner.

Being an engineer by profession, he selected the site for his post with great care. ,

"I have found a situation where I intend establishing a settlement, he wrote in his diary, "which in the future shall become one of the most beautiful cities in the world." The wisdom of that choice has been amply demonstrated in the years during which St. Louis has grown from sure foundations.

Among the First Thirty who came with Laclede was his step-son, Auguste Chouteau; a boy of fourteen, strong, intelligent and evidently responsible to a degree, for to him Laclede intrusted the work of settling the post. It was named St. Louis in honor of the patron saint of France, King Louis the Ninth but in the beginning it was derisively called "Pain

(* Estimated population, 1937.)

Court" meaning short of bread, by the people on the Illinois side.

A pioneer post always needed many things, lack of bread from fine, wheat flour was only one of them, but St. Louis was not to lack such necessities very long. The village grew and prospered under Chouteau and Laclede. There were 180 log houses and a flourishing church at the time of the Louisiana Purchase in 1804. Keel boats tied at its banks, bringing produce and household goods from New Orleans. These boats carried away great piles of beaver, otter and deerskin which the fur traders got from the Indians, and a lively trade flowed up and down the river.

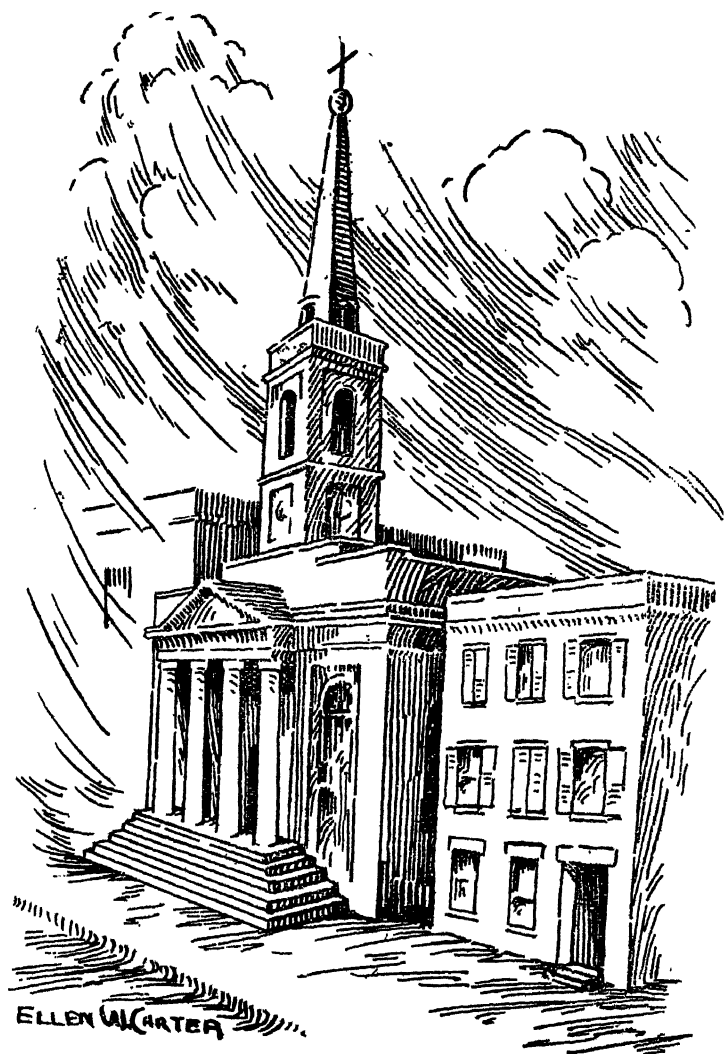
Four years after the Purchase an Irish-American named Joseph Charles came to St. Louis and began printing a newspaper, The Missouri Gazette, the first to be published west of the Mississippi River. Before the Purchase there had been no mails nor taverns in St. Louis. About the time the newspaper was first printed a postmaster was appointed for the village. He was an American, by name Rufus Easton. Lacking a post office, the villagers placed their letters on a window sill of his house from which it was collected.

Post roads were established, taverns were built, and soon the narrow lanes, by courtesy called streets, were swarming with people from everywhere, Indians, painted and feathered, French trappers in buckskin and moccasins, hunters from Kentucky and Tennessee in fringed jackets and coonskin caps with long, flintlock rifles over their

shoulders; beefy, thick muscled boatmen from the river, army officers in blue and gilt uniforms, merchants in beaver hats, long tailed coats and skin tight trousers, half-breeds and negroes from the West Indies rubbed elbows with each other. Those were the days when people from Europe as well as America were interested in the Wilderness and St. Louis was the frontier to which they flocked; some for wealth, some for glory, some to explore and return with material for a book about the flora and the fauna.

Meriwether Lewis and William Clark returned from their two years' journey to the Pacific, bringing their carefully written diaries with detailed information about the unknown country. Lewis was appointed Governor of the new Territory of Missouri, served for a short time and died all too early as he was returning to the east. His friend, William Clark, succeeded him as governor and distinguished himself in that role by his peacemaking with the Indians at the close of the War of 1812.

Among the people of importance who came to St. Louis while Clark was governor were the Catholic Bishop Du Bourg who laid the cornerstone of the first brick church in 1818, and Mother Phillippine Duchesne who came to St. Louis in the same year with a company of nuns to found the Order of the Sacred Heart in this country. After many struggles and hardships Mother Duchesne founded her school and convent on the outskirts of St. Louis at Florissant, so called by the French settlers because of the luxuriant wild flowers on the prairie.



St. Louis Cathedral, built in 1834

By the time Missouri was admitted to statehood in the Union in 1821, St. Louis had become an important western town with a curiously mixed population. At this time it was the political as well as the commercial capital of the west. The Constitution of Missouri was written at The Mansion House, and the first assembly of long-tailed, high-hatted legislators for the state met at The Missouri Tavern in St. Louis.

The next twenty years swept St. Louis along the tide of prosperity like a boat on a swift current. The first steamboat, "The Independence," snorted up to her banks in 1819, puffing clouds of black smoke over her gardens and filling her simpler inhabitants with terror. It was the first of that great fleet of "floating palaces" which for twenty years to come would load and unload at her docks, bringing wealth and fame to the growing city.

The Marquis de Lafayette came up the Mississippi to St. Louis in one of those early steamboats. He was met at the dock and driven through the cheering town in a carriage drawn by two white horses, entertained in the home of August Chouteau, now the foremost citizen of St. Louis, and honored that night with a grand ball.

This was a great event in the life of the little frontier town. Ten years later when it entertained another famous person, no less a one than the great American statesman, Daniel Webster, St. Louis had more people in attendance at his ball than there had been in the village when Lafayette was entertained. The first public school had been opened by this time,

the first theatre in the west was doing business, and Laclede's village was well on its way with long strides towards the importance it was later to attain.

The advantages and the disadvantages of rapid American expansion, like weeds and flowers growing in the same garden, jostled one another in the hurrying years before the Civil War. Slavery had increased in Missouri and St. Louis was the big market for the sale of negroes. A man named Lynch was the most noted slave dealer of the state; his name was perpetuated by the infamous Lynch's Pen where he herded the unfortunate negroes like cattle until they should be put up for sale. The south step of the old court house was the block on which many a slave was sold and where the air was filled with the moans and sobs of parted families.

A cloud was darkening the old, light-hearted city of the French, the cloud of Civil War which was to eclipse the entire United States a few years later. In St. Louis it was like an extinguisher which put out the flame of progress for a number of long, sad years. Divided, like the rest of the state, between northern and southern sympathizers, it suffered from the hatreds that raged between the two.

At the close of the war, the old way of living had been destroyed and a new way had to be developed. The importance of the steamboat was fading before the roar of the new steam engine which dragged a train of rattling cars across the country. Yet railroads were slow to be developed in Missouri. The few that had been built before the war had

been kept going with great difficulty and money was lacking to build more for some years after the war.

Chicago, which had been an unattractive collection of log huts, sprawling on the shores of Lake Michigan when St. Louis was the flourishing city of the west, now began to stretch and stride; soon it had people and money to take advantage of its splendid opportunities by land and water. Before St. Louis had shaken off the illness engendered by the Civil War, Chicago had outdistanced it as the coming city of the Middle West.

But the Spirit of St. Louis was something to be reckoned with then as it had been in every crisis of its life so far. Terrible scourges of that dread disease, Asiatic cholera had swept it at three different times. Business depressions had shaken its banks and private fortunes through the years. Now the war had laid it low.

The return of St. Louis to peace and prosperity could not be hurried but those things were sure to come. Meanwhile the spirit of the people, courageous, sensible, level-headed, kept them going in the right direction and the city kept on growing.

Four years after the close of the war, the great mound, that familiar landmark because of which St. Louis was often called "The Mound City," had to be cut down to make room for this growing city. In 1874 William Eads built the first bridge across the Mississippi which was to be famous for its deep and sure construction beneath the river for many a day to come. This was a forward step towards progress

which did away with the old slow ferrys across the river to the Illinois side.

In the same year in which the famous Eads bridge was built a woman named Susan Blow made history in and for St. Louis when she opened the first kindergarten in the city. A well educated and widely traveled young woman of twenty-nine, a member of the famous philosophic movement known as the St. Louis School of Thought, and a student of Froebel, the German founder of the kindergarten, she had thought a great deal about little children who were too young to be sent to school and she was eager to bring the cheerful, pleasant beginnings of education to them. With the co-operation of Dr. William Torrey Harris, superintendent of St. Louis schools, she established the first public kindergarten in the school system, from which countless others were to blossom all over the United States.

By the time the Eads bridge was completed prosperity was coming back to St. Louis along the shining rails of steel that reached into the new southwestern territory added to the Union by the Mexican War. The progress of the city has been a steady march since then and the spirit of St. Louis glows and brightens with the years. It was the success of that beautiful fair, celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase in 1804, which showed to the entire world the kind of city Laclede's village had grown to be, big in spirit as well as size, a pleasant, prosperous place to live, a happy, hospitable place to visit.

Many changes have taken place in St. Louis

since that high water mark of the Exposition and many improvements have been made. A City Planning Commission, commencing in the days of the World War, has revamped the model of a great, rich city which grew without form and brought it nearer to Laclede's old dream of beauty. The Municipal Auditorium, facing the Plaza, is the heart of an improvement project for which the city voted a bond issue of \$87,372,500 in 1923.

Today St. Louis is not only proud of being a great commercial center, known as the mule market and the fur market of the world as well as for its manufactures, but it rejoices in all the attributes which make a city livable and attractive; it has splendid parks and boulevards, many handsome homes and unusual residence districts, two noted universities, St. Louis University and Washington University, and one of the most delightful institutions in the Middle West — it has The Municipal Opera Co., which gives a music loving people entertainment out of doors throughout the summer.

St. Louis is a city which, having plenty of civic pride to carry it steadily along the stream of progress, yet cherishes its past. This makes it an interesting city for the sightseer who likes to unroll the records of history in his travels. Let us start along the levee at the foot of Market street where a granite monument marks the site of the old fur trading post established by Pierre Laclede in 1764.

Near here is the Old Rock House, the oldest existing building in the city, built as a warehouse for furs, later used as a tavern, store, school, jail, city .

hall, restaurant and speak-easy until threatened with destruction a few years ago; now happily set aside for safe keeping by the Missouri Historical Society. Not far away is the Old Cathedral, that shrine of the Catholic faith established when the city was a tiny village. The present building, erected over a hundred years ago, replaces the first log structure of Laclede's time. A later building of great historic interest is the old court house, completed in 1869, which was the scene of the Dred Scott slave case and the starting point of the Boonslick Trail.

The house where Eugene Field, Missouri's well loved poet of childhood, lived as a boy is now open to the public, refurnished as it used to be. The Dent home where Ulysses S. Grant married Julia Dent, has also been preserved. Markers will show us the site where Pontiac, the famous Indian chief, was buried in the days of the trading post, also the beavers' favorite haunt where Governor William Clark, nicknamed "The Red Head" made a treaty with the Indians in territorial days.

Forest Park is both beautiful and famous. It is here that the Louisiana Purchase Exposition was held in 1904 and here that the Municipal Opera Co., downs the music of the birds today. The heart of the park for sightseers is the building known as the Jefferson Memorial which houses the library and museum of the Missouri Historical Society, with its wealth of valuable documents, letters, diaries, etc., its costumes and intimate possessions of the men and women who made history in Missouri; and which also contains the unique Lindbergh collection,

the valuable trophies presented to America's most famous airman in connection with his flights. It is said that numbers of people, from 500 to 1,200 daily, come to visit this collection which includes almost everything of interest pertaining to Lindbergh except the celebrated plane "The Spirit of St. Louis" which is housed in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

It is told of visitors to St. Louis that there are two notable objects which they invariably ask to see. One of these is the Missouri Botanical Gardens, more popularly known as Shaw's Garden, — and the other is the Mississippi river!

Let us visit the Gardens first. They were given to the city by an Englishman named Henry Shaw who came to St. Louis before the Civil War and who, while he was accumulating a fortune, cultivated a garden in order, as he wrote in his diary, "to display the wisdom and goodness of God, as shown in the growth of flowers." His was a sweet and gentle spirit flowering in the act of generosity which perpetuated this beautiful gift to his adopted city.

At the age of forty he retired from business with a fortune of \$250,000 — "all that a man can honestly earn or possess" he wrote again in his diary. After traveling for ten years and visiting all the famous gardens of Europe, he returned to St. Louis to open his garden to the public in 1860. Twenty years later, at his death, he willed it with the rest of his estate, to the city of St. Louis. From his original garden of 125 acres has grown the magnificent Botanical Garden, second only to the famous

Kew Gardens of England, comprising more than 1,600 acres which contains the largest collection of plant life in the western hemisphere.

Last of all our sightseeing in St. Louis we must stand by the Mississippi, that great river, the Father of Waters, which has held the hearts and thoughts of so many Missourians as well as visitors to our state. Mark Twain loved it more than anything in nature. Great — magnificent — majestic — were the adjectives he often applied to it.

Without the Mississippi the history of Missouri would be other than it is. It was the great highway for Spanish, French, Americans, before there was a road through the wilderness for them to travel. The era of the steam boats was a Golden Age of Commerce, bold, adventurous, romantic. Today the mightiest river of North America is in the toils of science. Bridges, locks, and dams control and employ it for safe and useful purposes. Millions of dollars have been spent to deepen its channel and dominate its flood waters and millions of tons of freight are annually carried along it by boat and barge lines.

Not as wide here as it is further south nor as clear as it is further north before the Missouri enters it, the Mississippi at St. Louis may be a trifle disappointing scenically but it commands one's interest historically as well as commercially.

The first newspaper, the first church, the first theatre, the first co-educational college, the first university west of the Mississippi! Many of these institutions were established in Missouri as we have

discovered in our tour of the Show-Me state. The frequency with which the great river was used as a boundary line in the social history of the United States is significant.

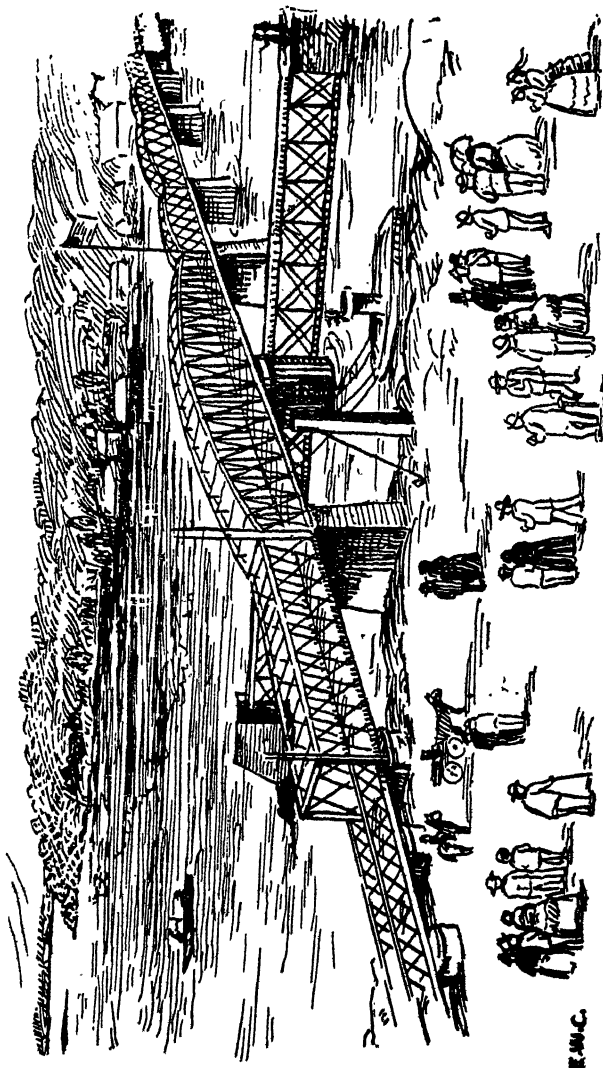
West of the Mississippi! How much the words convey! The wilderness, the desert, the mountains and the Pacific ocean all lay west of the Mississippi. The little village drowsing on its bank was destined to see great enterprises start from there. Its own greatness derives in large measure from the river itself; from the strategic site upon the Mississippi which Laclede selected for "one of the finest cities in the world". St. Louis and the Mississippi river cannot be separated in our thoughts.

KANSAS CITY

A Missouri broadcasting station sometimes notifies its listeners with the words: "This is Kansas City, Missouri, the Heart of America." By this he means to inform us that Kansas City is very nearly the center of the United States, the exact geographical middle, being just two hundred miles west of here. This city is sometimes called "The Gateway to the Southwest", also a fitting name because of its excellent location for trade with the rich oil and agricultural regions of Oklahoma and Texas.

A rich, commercial center, netted with railway lines, the second livestock market in the world, Kansas City is today a big, brisk metropolis of approximately 400,000 people with the population of its neighbors, North Kansas City and Kansas City, Kansas and outlying suburbs bringing it up to 600,000; so wide awake, so progressive, so truly American in its dreams and its achievements that it is not easy to picture it in other days. Yet, like its sister cities in Missouri, Kansas City began life as a fur trading post established by a member of the famous Chouteau family.

In 1821 Francois Chouteau established a trading post on the south bank of the Missouri river, about three miles below the old town of Kansas City.



R.W.C.

Hannibal and St. Jo Bridge, built in 1869

This was the year that Missouri was admitted to statehood in the Union and all the Missouri river territory above the town of Franklin was yet the wilderness.

A great flood in 1826 swept this post away and a year later the town of Independence was laid out a few miles to the east. The patriotic fervor of the settlers of those days is evinced in the rivalry for names which called the county seat of Jackson county, Independence, and that of Clay county, Liberty. The Santa Fe trade was beginning at this time and in the years that followed, as Old Franklin vanished into the river, Independence grew to be an important outfitting post for the caravans that were to cross the desert. It grew and flourished on this trade for a number of years until an ambitious little frontier post popped up in the neighborhood, calling itself Westport.

It was a Baptist missionary by the name of Isaac McCoy who first settled below the site of Chouteau's fur warehouse at the time Independence was doing its biggest business with the Santa Fe traders. And a year later his son, John McCoy began to build the town which he intended to rival Independence as the nearest port of entry into the western country.

He chose a good location and his little village flourished. In time a long line of outfitting houses lined the street called Westport Avenue and at the end was a factory for the sole manufacture of candles. In spite of the brisk business that was done with Americans the settlement was largely French

in those days. The simple, happy amusements of the villagers in Ste. Genevieve and St. Louis repeated themselves in the Westport of the period. Dancing was the favorite amusement, fiddlers called the tunes, and the refreshments were seldom more than a cup of hot, well flavored soup of deer or chicken, known as *pot au bouillion*.

It was not to be expected that this frontier settlement could long remain like this. The French, though shrewd business men, were home-loving people who did not care to wander far from their own firesides. The Americans were restless and eager for new undertakings. They came up the river, or across the prairies in droves, and as they paused to trade in Westport they overran the place and by degrees crowded out the first settlers.

To entice western travelers away from Independence a boat landing was established on the river and from this grew the Town of Kansas, sometimes also known as Westport Landing. Many famous travelers landed here in the years between its founding in 1838 and the beginning of the Civil War when it had grown to a population of 4,418.

Washington Irving visited it among the earliest and has left a description of it as a frontier post in his "Tour of the Prairies". Thomas Hart Benton, Missouri's most famous senator, came many times and it is said he always prophesied a great city here.

Fremont, the Pathfinder, outfitted at Westport Landing twice on his history making expeditions through the Rocky mountains to the Pacific coast.

Indeed, the foundations of the modern city's trade were laid in the outfitting business when the Santa Fe traders, the emigrants for the Oregon Trail, the Forty-Niners, the gold miners on their way to Colorado with their slogan, "Pike's Peak, or Bust" and finally the carriers of the Overland Mail stopped in the future Kansas City for supplies.

Here is a description written by Francis Parkman, the historian, when he stopped on his way to California in 1846.

"Westport was full of Indians, whose little shaggy ponies were tied by dozens along the houses and fences. Sacs and Foxes, with shaved heads and painted faces, Shawnees and Delawares, fluttering in calico frocks and turbans, Wyandottes dressed like white men, and a few wretched Kansans, wrapped in old blankets, were sitting about the streets or lounging in and out of the shops and houses.

Today the only Indian left of all these tribes in Kansas City may be Cyrus Dallin's beautiful, bronze statue called "The Scout". He sits his horse in Penn Valley Park, his head in a dreaming attitude as though he looked across the busy boulevards and streets to wonder what has become of all his brethren.

Perhaps he sees them pushed and crowded from this land which was his own by the eager, restless greedy white men who poured into the Missouri valley through the years. The cry which set in motion the creaking caravans of the Santa Fe traders each day, might have been heard echoing from one group

of adventurers to another through this era of pioneering.

"Catch up . . . Catch up!" The leaders of the caravans ordered the wagons into line with a morning shout. To the tune of cracking whips and thundering hoofs of oxen the drivers shouted back, "All set . . . All set" and the second order rang, "Fall in . . . Fall in" while the long line of creaking wagons rumbled across the prairie towards the west.

From east to west this command must have echoed in the ears of Americans pushing towards Missouri and the Indian country beyond; explorers, traders, freighters, missionaries, Mormons, gold seekers and home seekers, answering the call "Catch up . . . Fall in!"

Money poured through Westport Landing in those days. A rich Mexican trader once came through from Santa Fe with one hundred thousand dollars worth of Mexican silver wrapped in green rawhide bags. A few years later the first bank was established for the convenience of people who had been going as far as Liberty or Lexington to deposit their money.

A physician from Holland, Dr. Benoist Troost by name, had come to Missouri and built a hotel here a few years earlier than the bank. It was the old Gilliss House, famous in the annals of Kansas City. A newspaper called *The Public Ledger*, was also established about this time in the early fifties.

The Father of Real Estate in Kansas City, as he is sometimes called, James H. McGee, was the first American to take a grant of land from the govern-

ment in the territory which was later to become Kansas City. This was done at Franklin in 1828. The Town of Kansas, established ten years later, on the banks of the Missouri was soon to spread south towards McGee's Addition.

People laughed about the Town of Kansas in the beginning. There was much discussion about its name, “Rabbitville” and “Possum Trot” being derisively suggested. It was a poor little place at the start and it had the usual troubles that visited all those pioneer settlements. Cholera scourged it more than once. The fickle Missouri played its tricks upon it; one year all but wiping it out in a tremendous flood; another year restoring it to prosperity with the steamboats which brought trade and riches to the struggling town.

Between the steamboats and the freighting business the Town of Kansas began to prosper at a lively rate. Lexington, Liberty, Independence, all were older settlements, but the people of Kansas City had heard the cry of progress, “Catch up Catch up . . . Fall in . . . Fall in . . . !” and none were more eager and ready to obey. In 1858 a great railroad convention was held in the Town of Kansas. The live young western settlement was on tiptoe with eagerness for expansion.

Then came the period of national disruption, with the fires of the great quarrel burning hotly in each state; in none, perhaps, more furiously than in Missouri which had long been a bone of contention to the nation. The western border of the state was a veritable hotbed of trouble for years before the

Civil War, and the Town of Kansas was dangerously close. Feeling ran high among men who were divided in their politics. It was said that only one man in Jackson county voted for Lincoln. His name was William Gilpin, a former mayor of Independence, who was later to become the first territorial governor of Colorado.

Guerrilla warfare ravaged the Town of Kansas during the four dreadful years of the Civil War. There were sympathizers on both sides in its midst. Bushwhackers and Union soldiers alike plundered its homes. The Battle of Westport, one of the four big battles of the war in Missouri, raged about its borders for three days. Four governors of Missouri, Price, Reynolds, Marmaduke and Crittenden fought in this engagement which is reckoned one of the decisive battles that saved Missouri for the Union.

When the war ended, soon after the Battle of Westport, the Town of Kansas was a pitiful ghost of its former prosperous self. Its population had dwindled, its trade fallen away, and its building stopped. Only the courage and ambition of this town remained the same.

"Catch up Fall in . . . !" The old cry rang in its ears.

Over and over its people must have heard that command as they began again the struggle for progress. Four years after the close of the Civil War, they celebrated their first victory with the building of the Hannibal and St. Jo bridge across the Missouri river. This was a tremendous stride; it meant that in future the railroads were to bring wealth to

Kansas City as the steamboats had done in the era before the Civil War.

A word about the various names by which this city has been known. Originally Westport Landing, it first took unto itself the title, "Town of Kansas," in 1839 and incorporated as such in 1850; in 1853 it changed to the "City of Kansas", and in 1889 it adopted its present designation. It was named for the tribe of Kansas Indians and for their river of the same name on which the early village was situated, and not for the state of Kansas which at that time was known as Nebraska territory. Kansas City, Kansas, founded a good many years later in 1844 was originally called "Wyandotte" after another tribe of Indians. In view of the confusion resulting from the use of the same name, it seems a pity that these sister cities of Missouri and Kansas had not kept to their original appellations, "Westport" and "Wyandotte". Particularly as these names have historic significance relating to the frontier life out of which the cities grew.

But to return to the Town of Kansas before it called itself a city. With the advent of the railroads it began to grow and grow. Soon its population had jumped to thirty thousand and before long it was enjoying a boom in real estate, fathered by its early settler, James McGee. New additions were laid out, handsome homes were built, stores of all kinds flourished. And, naturally, newspapers began to flourish, too.

Today The Kansas City Star carries the name of its home town into 300,000 people's lives. It is one

of the big, important journals of the United States.

Its life began in the struggling village on a September day in 1868, just three days after the Battle of Westport had been fought within the neighborhood of its printing press. At that time it was called *The Kansas City Times*. Its first editor was a well-known journalist, Major John N. Edwards, who had fought under Doniphan in the Mexican war and under Sterling Price in the Civil war.

The history of *The Star and Times* is in one sense the history of Kansas City from the day that a man named William Rockhill Nelson began to edit it. Kansas City has always been fortunate in the kind of men who have made her history, their record has been that of men who have made history everywhere the record of men who dared! Among the many men who have had vision to look ahead and courage to carry out their plans probably none ever had greater dreams for Kansas City or more energy and daring to carry them out than the man who was responsible for the handsome Italian renaissance building in which he housed his newspaper.

He was responsible for many other projects which helped to make his home city beautiful and prosperous. Today his name is joined to that which will make it remembered and honored as long as Kansas City stands, *The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art*. This beautiful building is situated on the site of Mr. Nelson's former home, *Oak Hall*; it was made possible through the bequests of his

widow, daughter, son-in-law and their family lawyer, and was erected to contain the art collections of the William Rockhill Nelson trust. Whereas most art galleries face a narrow outlook on a city street, the Nelson Gallery has beauty around as well as within it, being surrounded by twenty acres of ground artistically landscaped.

Interesting features of the gallery are the great bronze doors of the south facade, which tell the story of Hiawatha, and twenty-three sculptured panels in low relief which depict the history of the exploration and settlement of the Middle West. Kirkwood Hall, the great center of the gallery, is beautiful and impressive with a marble floor and twelve huge black marble pillars from the Pyrenees. It is a matter of particular interest to Missourians that the smaller, gray Ionic columns are from native quarries at Ste. Genevieve, and that the south vestibule leading from this hall is faced with a local marble, Kacimo, of lovely, soft cream-and-brown color.

Kansas City long has been noted for its extensive boulevards which offer many opportunities to the visitor on a "Show-Me" tour. Let us imagine that we are leaving the Nelson gallery for a motor trip around the city. As we admire its parks and public buildings and its miles of beautiful homes, we shall be impressed with the fact that this city keeps its eyes turned towards the future in truly American fashion. They are not worshippers of the past here. Except for certain works of art, statues,

bas reliefs and murals, Kansas City makes little effort to hold on to its vivid, crowded past.

But the present, and the future how heartily they are served! Is there a more picturesque ride within the limits of a city than the famous Cliff Drive with its winding roadway carved out of the towering limestone bluffs and its splendid views across the Missouri river? Can you name a more complete municipal playground than Swope Park, third largest in the United States, with an area of fourteen hundred acres and all the opportunities for recreation, golf, tennis, swimming the athletic heart can desire?

Would you see a unique business center known all over this country for its charm of architecture, lighting and display? Let's visit the Country Club Plaza and after we have loitered through the entrancing specialty shops let us return some evening just to see this shopping district which suggests a Spanish market place by day, turn into a fairyland of colored lights by night. It is delightful at any season of the year but it is worth a second trip during the spring or winter holidays when the Easter rabbit offers his wares or when gaily-lighted Christmas trees and New Year's bells on the grand scale adorn the streets.

The Country Club district, which adjoins the Plaza, is noted for its many beautiful homes but the pride of Kansas City is divided between its palatial dwellings and its blocks on blocks of modest, attractive houses. Surrounded by cheerful gardens, and set on pleasant streets where sleds and roller

skates are often seen in season and anybody's pet may romp, these homes for people of average means characterize many a spreading neighborhood. It was some years ago that a noted lecturer on sociology pronounced Kansas City one of the best residential cities in the United States because of the number and variety of these homelike neighborhoods; and their number has not decreased since his comment.

Down town we shall pay a visit to some of Kansas City's handsome, new public buildings. The Jackson County court house is ultra modern and deserving of attention; an imposing statue of Andrew Jackson guards the front entrance and reminds us of the turbulent period in history when this county was formed. The Municipal Auditorium is equally modern and impressive. The center of artistic entertainment it is particularly enjoyed as the home of Kansas City's symphony orchestra, an organization so young as to be reckoned a prodigy for its beautiful accomplishments.

As a city whose fortunes were re-established by the railroads it is appropriate that this energetic metropolis should have one of the great union stations of the world, the fifth largest to be exact. This station is unusual in the social interest that attaches to it, resulting from the famous Harvey features, the restaurant and the toy, book, and gift shops. Travelers may appreciate the opportunities for delicious food and for time-killing in the attractive shops between trains; but no more than the Kansas Cityans who make their purchases and entertain at

luncheon or at dinner at the union station with loyal enthusiasm.

Across from the Union Station Plaza, towers the great shaft of the Liberty Memorial, rising after a succession of terraces to a height of 577 feet above the level of the Plaza. This is a monument to the city's war dead, the 440 young men who "made rarer gifts than gold" in pouring out their life-blood for their country during the World War.

Like the countless visitors from all over the world who have written their names in its guest book we must stop here to read the list of the long, bronze scrolls; to see the memorial's treasured collection, especially the war relics from the shattered Cathedral of Rheims, and finally to enjoy the stirring view of the busy city and surrounding territory from the monument.

In leaving Kansas City, let us motor out to the Municipal Airport which is a five minutes ride from the business heart of town. Though we are traveling by motor, not by plane, we should linger here a while to watch the activity of the place. As we read the transcontinental signs, "Two and a half hours to Chicago", "Six hours and twenty minutes to New York," "Nine and one-half hours to Los Angeles", we feel with renewed conviction that here we are, indeed, close to the heart of America. And as we catch the vibration of a great airliner above the field we seem to feel the very pulse of this city which is hurrying along the highway of progress with an echo in its ears, "Catch up . . . Catch up . . . Catch up . . . Catch up . . . Fall in . . . Fall in!

ST. JOSEPH

On May 5th, 1845, a traveler by the name of Aubudon wrote this item in a diary later published among his "Missouri River Journals"; "At half past twelve we reached the Blacksnake Hills settlement and I was delighted to see this truly beautiful site for a town or city as will be no doubt some fifty years hence."."

Prophetic Mr. Aubudon* The settlement taking its name from that long, winding Blacksnake creek which twisted through the hills to empty its dark waters into the Missouri river, was even then on its way to becoming St. Joseph, "The City Worth While"! Nightly now, an electrically-lighted slogan proclaims that fact high above the picturesque location which the trained eye of a famous naturalist observed.

Joseph Robidoux is the patron saint of the city of St. Joseph, familiarly known as "St. Jo", in the old rough-and-tumble days when western travelers headed through here for "Frisco", now the beautiful city of San Francisco.

Joseph Robidoux, third of the name, was a shrewd, able, open-handed fur trader from St. Louis, the son of a well-known merchant of that city. The history of the Robidoux family is closely articulated



ELLEN W. CHAPMAN

Owen House, built in 1859

with the expansion of the west, each of the six sons of Joseph Robidoux, the second, having played an important role in the development of the territory that lay beyond the Mississippi.

The third Joseph was early associated with the American Fur Company during which time he made many friends among the Sacs, Fox and other Indian tribes. When he later went into business for himself so many Indians preferred to trade with him that the business of the fur company fell off appreciably and he was paid \$100 a year for three years to keep away from their trading post at Council Bluffs.

At the end of that time he returned to the gainful occupation for which he was so well fitted, entering into a new agreement with the fur company by which he was paid \$1,800 a year to establish a new post somewhere on the Missouri between the site of Westport Landing and Council Bluffs. He settled on the east bank of the river, at the mouth of the Blacksnake creek, and for ten years before this western strip of land was included in the boundaries of Missouri, he lived there in a log cabin with his negro servant, Hypoulite, trading with the Indians and building up his trading post.

The Blacksnake Hills settlement, often called Robidoux's Landing, was a well-known place by the time the Platte Purchase opened this region to settlers in 1839. Four years later when its inhabitants had increased to the number of two hundred, Robidoux decided it should be platted as a town. He requested two surveyors, Simeon Kemper and Frede-

rick Smith, to draw maps for him, each charting his hundred and sixty acres in city lots.

Kemper, who gave the name of "Robidoux" to his chart, provided for wide streets and necessary alleys, but the old trader chose "St. Joseph", the map named in honor of his patron saint by Frederick Smith, and the papers were duly recorded in St. Louis ~~July 26th~~, 1843.

In addition to the lots which were rapidly bought for homes and business sites by incoming settlers, Robidoux generously gave land for alleys and for a number of building lots to be used for a town hall, a court house, a school, and a church. Streets running east and west were named in honor of the members of his family, Robidoux, Faraon, Jules, Francis, Felix, Edmond, Charles, Sylvanie, Angélique and Messanie. The names lend a charming touch of local color to the old town of the French fur trader but one can't help wishing he had chosen the map of that far-sighted surveyor, Simeon Kemper, with its wider streets. Many traffic difficulties would have been thus avoided.

No sooner was the town platted and christened than it began to grow with the customary vigor of settlements in the new western country. A post office was soon established and the fact that the postmaster, Frederick Smith, carried letters in the crown of his bell-shaped hat, did not prevent it from doing legal business.

A man by the name of Josiah Beattie opened a tavern where the gospel was often preached, a har-

ness maker, Israel Landis opened a saddle shop to become famous later as the maker of Pony Express saddles, and his wife conducted a Female Seminary. In 1845, William Ridenbaugh published the first newspaper in the town, *The Weekly Gazette*, which has continued under the name of *The St. Joseph Gazette* until the present time.

One year later the circus came to St. Joseph. Although it is not positively known what attractions that circus may have offered, it is probably the same as that which advertised in Boonville in the same year as "The Grand Zoological Exhibition" which would present "the famous W. A. Duboise who will appear with his trained animals in some of the most beautiful scenes; among others he will harness and drive a large Nubian lion!"

With a tavern, a postoffice, school, church, newspaper and amusements, Robidoux's town was doing well. It did not yet have a court house; for the county seat of Buchanan county had been located in the nearby settlement of Sparta and the site of St. Joseph's present court house was still used by Indians as a burial place for their dead. As late as 1860 scaffolds holding dead bodies might still be seen there.

Trade was increasing all the time, however, and Sparta was destined to lose the county seat to St. Joseph before so very long. In 1849 the pioneer town which had so recently marked the western boundary of the United States became a "service station" to that further region which was to extend

our boundaries to the Pacific coast. Soon after the magic word "gold" was flashed across the continent, hordes of gold seekers began to stream towards California, many of them passing this way. In three months time 1,500 wagons had reached St. Joseph stopped here for supplies and rumbled on, leaving more money than some were ever to see again.

It was a boon time for the town of Robidoux, a good time for every one with a commodity to sell. Strangers, strangers everywhere! The narrow streets, dusty or muddy as might be, buzzing with trade; the outskirts of the village rimmed around with white topped prairie schooners, camp fires lighting them at night, banjos plunking to the song of the Forty-Niners which has come echoing down the years to us;

"Oh Susanna! Don't you cry for me
I'm bound for California with my washbowl
on my knee!"

Sometimes the caravans moved on in a few days or a week, the plodding feet of oxen raising a mighty dust as the heavy wagons creaked towards the river. Sometimes bad weather overtook them and they wintered here to the satisfaction of all the townspeople who flourished on their trade. Outfitting the Forty-Niners laid the foundation for many a lucrative business in future years when St. Joseph was to become known as one of the big jobbing centers of the Middle West.

The years raced along and prosperity foamed

on the crest of them in St. Joseph. One thing tumbled over the heels of another in the years that followed the great gold trek. Hotels, schools, churches, mills, hemp factories were built, the court house was moved from Sparta, the Order of the Sacred Heart was established with the coming of twelve nuns from St. Louis. The steamboat era brought valuable cargoes to the stores that backed on Water street and the Big Muddy carried a tide of lively travel.

The railroad question, which was agitating so many sections of Missouri, began to seethe in St. Joseph. A survey for the line of the future "Hannibal & St. Jo R. R." as it was long called, was made at the request of Col. Robert Stewart, later to become president of the railroad as well as governor of Missouri. Three influential citizens, Davis Carpenter, Simeon Kemper and Robert Tiernan, surveyed and promoted the road which was first to be built north of the Missouri river.

Despite their efforts it was ten years before the first train made its initial trip over the shining rails which had been laid from the eastern and western borders of the state to meet near the town of Chillicothe. On February 14th, 1859, a train of noisy cars, drawn by a small, wood-burning locomotive which screeched its way across the prairie, left Hannibal in the morning and reached St. Joseph late in the afternoon.

This was a great day in the annals of Robidoux's town. A barrel of water had been brought from the Mississippi river to empty into the Mis-

souri as a symbol of the railroad's joining the two sections of the state. That night a banquet was held in the Occidental hotel, built in 1849, and many speeches were made in praise of the railroad which was to play an important part in the future development of the city. Long and affectionately known as "The Old Reliable", it is now a part of the great Burlington system which continues to serve the city with faithfulness.

The next historical milestone in the march of St. Joseph is the famous Pony Express. The gold rushes of '49 and '59 had created a great need for the carrying of passengers, mail and express packages from the east to the west. Stage coaches were the first answer to the need. Gaily painted Concord coaches, drawn by four to six mules, driven by heavily armed men, and carrying twelve or fourteen passengers, the journey requiring over three weeks.

These Overland Stages, inaugurated by John Butterfield, were later operated by the well-known firm of freighters, Russell, Majors & Waddell. Not fast enough to suit the desire of the westerners, this enterprise was followed by the more daring one of sending mail to California in ten days by relay riders on horseback who started from St. Joseph. First known as The Overland California and Pike's Peak Pony Express Company", later shortened to The Pony Express, it carried the mail for seventeen months at the end of which time the completion of a telegraph line from Omaha to San Francisco caused it to be discontinued.

A financial failure for the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, who lost two hundred thousand dollars on the venture, it was a glorious success from the viewpoint of accomplishment. The first mail came through from Sacramento to St. Joseph in five minutes less than the anticipated ten days. The amazing schedule was maintained through all weather during the seventeen months, the daring young riders overcoming the most desperate hazards and hardships. The quickest trip, which delivered the news of Lincoln's election as president, was made in seven days and seventeen hours.

The period of the Civil war marked the end of an era in St. Joseph as elsewhere throughout the nation. Rent asunder between northern and southern sympathizers, its expansion arrested, its trade demoralized during years of terrorism on the part of both Bushwhackers and Union soldiers, St. Joseph, like its sister cities in Missouri, found the hands of the clock turned back at the close of the war.

Today it is a city of 80,000; solid, substantial, prosperous but with none of the soaring, restless spirit which characterized it in its youth. A pioneer whose span of active years is almost coincident with the life of the city knows the reason which turned St. Joseph from the track of expansion in the late sixties.

The life of Josiah Beattie Moss, who was born in the year of the Forty-Niners, has followed the main current of St. Joseph history. As an eager-eyed boy he watched the negro roustabouts unload

the steamboats' cargos into his father's store on Water street; he counted the covered wagons that carried Mormons from Missouri into their new Land of Promise; he opened the door of his father's house to a frequent visitor, Brigham Young, and he eyed the aging figure of Joseph Robidoux in the streets.

On April third in 1860 this boy rode his Indian pony down to the Pony Express barn, sometimes called the Pikes Peak Stables, to see the first express rider start on his hazardous journey with the mail. And some time later in the year of 1860 this boy who never missed a chance to learn his history-in-the-making, rode in a torchlight procession for the presidential election and also saw one of the candidates, a tall, lanky man named Abraham Lincoln, whose presence at the Pacific House awakened little interest among the voters..

A few years later, when the war had come to an end but feeling still ran high, General U. S. Grant came to St. Joseph with a committee sent out by the government to locate a transcontinental railroad, and during the speech he made was rudely interrupted by the drunken outburst of a man known as a southern sympathizer. The occurrence was unfortunately recalled later and although the line of the Union Pacific logically would have followed the route of the old Pony Express from St. Joseph, the city was considered too sympathetic to the southern cause to be helped by a Republican government. Headquarters for the road were established in Omaha instead of here and St. Joseph, which had

been in the vanguard of progress, began to lag for a time.

The youth who listened to Grant's heckled speech and who vouches for the truth of the story, has seen many changes since that day in his native town which, despite the setback of that time, has thrived and prospered, and of late years taken to beautifying itself with a zest that awakens the admiration of all who motor about its boulevards.

Twenty-five miles of boulevards that girdle the city with beautiful wooded drives, winding in and out of residential districts, climbing hills for unexpected views of the broad Missouri and at every turn surprising and delighting. Here on the outskirts of the city may be a bit of woodland pasture with sheep cropping under the splendid old forest trees; here in the heart of the residence town, a lilac-covered slope planted by the Garden club as a memorial to a well-loved member, here a lovely thicket of wild crabapple trees, or a hillside lighted by the redbud.

Krug Park, the generous gift of a well-known St. Joseph family of that name, lures the motoring sightseer to climb its winding roads and look down from the rim of the park on the beautiful Bowl, christened some years ago by the Freiburg Players with a presentation of their Passion Play, one of the most beautiful spectacles these green hills have ever gazed upon.

The gracious curves of Lovers' Lane, although bordered now by the grounds of handsome homes,

remind us that the well-known poet, Eugene Field, once lived in St. Joseph and loved this road. It was here that he courted "the brown-eyed maiden", Julia Comstock, whom he afterwards married and it was of this noted drive that he afterwards wrote the poem beginning;

Saint Jo, Buchanan county,
Is leagues and leagues away,
And I sit in the gloom of this rented room,
And pine to be there today,
Yes, with London fog around me,
And the bustling to and fro
I am fretting to be across the sea,
In Lovers' Lane, Saint Jo."

It is not only on the boulevards that the trees of St. Joseph attract attention. Few cities of its size enjoy a greater wealth of shady avenues which turn to triumphant arches in the golden glory of October days. Beside the maples, sycamores and elms, one sees a number of unusual trees in the heart of town.

The ginkgo tree is one of these, sometimes called the maiden hair fern tree because of the form of its fanshaped leaves. This is believed by botanists to be the oldest tree in the world, reputed to have remained unchanged for possibly 10,000,000 years. Because it is the sole survivor of a group of ancient plants it is regarded as a living fossil. Four or five of these trees are to be seen in St. Joseph.

There are also many specimens of the lovely

hawthorne whose snowy blossom has been chosen as the state flower of Missouri. And in Mt. More cemetery is an off shoot of the famous elm under which Washington took command of the Continental army in Cambridge in July, 1775. In view of the fact that the Washington elm died in 1924, the healthy condition of St. Joseph's tree must be of interest to many more than the citizen's of this city.

St. Joseph has a number of old buildings, public and private, in which the sightseer will be interested. There is the quaint building known as Robidoux Row, an early day apartment house group in one of which the founder of the city died in 1868. Also the famous Pike's Peak stables from which the Pony Express Riders set forth, to mark which the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution set up an appropriate boulder and tablet some years ago. And, too, the picturesque Owen house, built in 1859, which still stands as it did when it was the birthplace of Mary Alicia Owen, the noted Folklorist and authority on Indian life and culture. Two younger sisters added to the renown of this family, Luella, a nationally known geologist, and Juliette, a naturalist in whose possession remains one of the famous Elephant Folios of Audubon's beautiful Birds of North America, so few of which are in private ownership today.

Strangers who visit St. Joseph are apt to ask to see the house where the notorious bandit, Jesse James, was shot in April, 1882. Thomas Crittenden, then governor of Missouri, in order to rid the state

of banditry, had published a proclamation offering a reward of \$5,000 each for the arrest of the two James brothers, Frank and Jesse, and a further reward for their conviction in certain murders and robberies perpetrated throughout the state.

Jesse James spent a few secret years in St. Joseph and was shot in the back by one of his confederates, Bob Ford, in the same house that he occupied while here. A tradition of gallantry akin to that of Robin Hood had gilded the crimes of this desperado who commenced his career during the unhappy days of guerrilla warfare during the Civil war. And the fact that the governor's proclamation was misinterpreted to offer a reward for the capture of Jesse James, dead or alive, heaped the flame of partizan feeling at the time of his death. One of his aliases was the name of "Howard" and a popular song of that time has persisted to this day:

"He shot Mr. Howard—
The dirty little coward,
And laid Jesse James
In his grave!"

Today, in the clear light which history throws upon the past, people have come to regard the elder James in the light of Public Enemy Number One of the period and no more glamor now adheres to his misdeeds than to those of Dillinger. But a sensational interest still attaches to the house in which he was killed and probably will continue to do so until time takes the shabby building in its stride.

Not a great distance from the James house stands a building closely linked with happier, better traditions of St. Joseph. The Sun Manufacturing Company now occupies the old Patee house, built in 1857 at a cost of \$140,000, a large sum for those days which entitled it to be advertised as the second finest hotel in the United States. For a number of years it was the scene of many festivities when hoop skirts swirled beneath its chandeliers. Gas illumination, if you please, and hot and cold water were features of the Patee House in those bygone days!

Business lagged, however, despite the hotel's elegance and in 1865 its worried owner arranged a lottery to dispose of the property which had become a white elephant on his hands. A two dollar ticket entitled one to a chance at the expensive building, its furnishings and two acres of ground surrounding it. Thousands of tickets were sold throughout the middle west but by an astonishing turn of fortune the lucky number was found in a bundle of tickets returned from Illinois which Colonel Patee had bought at the eleventh hour!

He made no effort to re-open it as a hotel and it passed through many vicissitudes as school, sanitarium and once again, under different management, as the World hotel before it was taken over as a factory for shirts and overalls. Patee Town, the section of land surrounding it which was donated by Colonel Patee, never developed as he expected it would. Retail business and residence districts developed east of the river instead of south, but

factories, mills, grain elevators and the large meat packing industry for which St. Joseph is best known have been pushed southwards from here.

Among these various industries a word must be offered in tribute to the celebrated pancake flour whose smiling trademark "Aunt Jemima" radiates good will throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico although the slogan "I'se In Town, Honey" means more to St. Joseph where it originated than anywhere else.

Rome was built on seven hills, St. Joseph on almost as many. Let us take leave of the city from the top of one which gives us a comprehensive view. From Wyeth Hill, a recreational park occupying the broad flat top of one of the river bluffs, let us look down on the town of Robidoux, washed by the ever-changing current of the river and surrounded by the fertile acres which made this territory of the Platte Purchase so desirable to the pioneers.

The old fur trader, as well as Audubon, recognized the desirability of this location for the city he founded here. From his friends, the Indians, who trustfully brought their dead to this very hill top to embark on the Road to Paradise, he learned to know the region they called "Wa-Wa-Lanowah". They came to it in great numbers, calling it holy ground, or "a land of refuge, where there was peace and plenty". Today when the sun is setting on the Kansas side and a broad, bright ray gleams across the river, it requires no great imagination to see the figure of an Indian crossing over on the lonely trail

while down below white men enjoy peace and plenty
in the town of Robidoux. That is the history of the
Red Man in America.



ELLEN W. CARTER

Start of the Pony Express, 1861, St. Joseph

THE CAPITOL

A "Show Me" tour of Missouri should be concluded with a trip to Jefferson City to visit our beautiful Capitol. Here where everything that we have seen and heard during our travels through the state, is epitomized in sculpture, mural painting or museum exhibition, we may refresh our memories and review the information we have acquired.

Jefferson City is the third capital of our state. The constitution was written and the first General Assembly met in St. Louis. That constitution provided that the state capital should be located at St. Charles for six years, after that at some place on the Missouri river within forty miles of the mouth of the Osage. A commission later selected the site of Jefferson City as the permanent seat of government.

The domed and pillared building of stone and marble which rises in majesty above the Missouri river is the third Capitol to be built at Jefferson City. The first and second were destroyed by fire. This building was commenced in 1913 and finished in 1917. It cost \$3,500,000 and the entire amount was honestly expended upon it. Missouri is proud of the fact that no Capitol was ever built with cleaner hands.

If we are fortunate in having one of our bright October days to conclude this "*Show Me*" trip, we will appreciate the picturesque setting of our Capitol, with the broad river curving around it and the wooded hills in the background. High above our heads the majestic figure of the goddess, Ceres, towers appropriately on the golden dome, seeming to touch the soft, blue sky. One feels that the goddess of the fruitful earth must often smile upon our fertile state.

Let us first walk around the building to admire the fountain and the great relief which ornament the river front of the Capitol. Three figures are sculptured on the bronze relief which commemorates the signing of the treaty by which the United States acquired the Louisiana Purchase in 1803. The men are Robert Livingston, American Ambassador to France; James Monroe, at that time assistant to the Ambassador and Marbois, French Treasurer under Napoleon; they are represented in the act of signing the treaty whereby the United States acquired a million square miles of territory for approximately fifteen million dollars! Never did any nation buy at such a bargain! No wonder Livingstone exclaimed, at the conclusion: "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our lives. From this day the United States takes its place among the powers of the first rank."

Thomas Jefferson, third president of the United States was responsible for this immense addition to our country, which took place during his administra-

tion, so it is fitting that we should find his statue, in heroic size, presiding over the main entrance of the Capitol. This is said to be the finest statue ever made of Jefferson.

The design of our state seal, which is both interesting and artistic, may be seen in various places throughout the Capitol. As we enter the building, let us stop for a sight of it inlaid in a great bronze on the floor of the rotunda. The figures of two grizzly bears uphold the shield on which is written in Latin the motto of our state: "Let the welfare of the people be the supreme law." The bear was chosen to adorn the seal because it was originally native to the Missouri river valley. We shall see representations of these upstanding bears, carved in wood and wrought in stone for decorations throughout the Capitol. A copy of the seal is used for every day transactions and the original gold mounted seal is kept under lock and key in the office of the Secretary of State where interested sightseers, by request, may have a look at it.

Floor after floor of this great building rewards the tourist with objects of interest. First the museums, on one side the Soldiers and Sailors, on the other, the Resources Museum which displays specimens of all the birds, fish, and animals that are native to the state, as well as rocks and minerals; also valuable Indian collections and maps of every description. Of particular interest is the soil map, showing among other things, the stratas of that re-

markable loess soil which characterizes certain sections of Missouri.

Let us ascend the grand marble stairway, sixty-five feet from the wall on side across the stairs to the other side, said to be the widest stairway in the world! This ascends to the third floor but we will pause on the second or Executive floor to visit the Governor's beautiful, egg-shaped room and enjoy the view of the river from its many windows, the handsome walnut furniture and panelling, and the paintings of famous Missourians, Mark Twain, Eugene Field and others.

On the third floor which is the Legislative we shall visit the two big Assembly rooms. In the Senate chamber a great, colorful window of painted glass, depicting De Soto, first white man to set foot on Missouri soil, commands our attention; the Spaniard is a splendid figure in armor, mounted on horseback and surrounded by all the panoply of his times and state.

A great painting on canvas adorns the House of Representatives. This is a picture showing Missouri troops in France during the World War. It is so large that no French studio was big enough to hold the canvas, and a delightful story is told in connection with its housing. The artist, Charles Hoffbauer, asked the French government to allow him to use one of the big aerodomes for his work. When told that the painting was being made for the Missouri House of Representatives, the Commandant consented, saying: "It will cost you nothing for

we can never forget the Missouri Thirty-fifth who broke the Hindenburg line Only you must put into the faces of those boys the courage which carried them through."

In the corridors of these floors are beautiful mural paintings which represent both the scenery and the history of the state. Here are pictures of Lake Taneycomo and of Ha-Ha-Tonka, pictures of the cotton fields of the south and the grain fields of the north. Ste. Genevieve is pictured here, and the Shot Tower at Herculaneum. There is a painting of Lewis and Clark on their expedition to the Northwest, another of Washington Irving at the Old Tavern at Arrow Rock; in still another the Pony Express rider gallops from St. Joseph. Study these and the pageant of Missouri history will wake before your eyes.

The Capitol's new murals by Thomas Hart Benton have proved a controversial subject throughout the state. The artist has painted social history according to his own realistic conception of it. Opposed to those who agree with Mr. Benton that train banditry, stock yards slaughter, drunkenness and chicanery are fit subjects to perpetuate on the walls of a great state building, there are many who resent this interpretation of history. It is true that low characters of many kinds have pioneered in Missouri as in every other state in the Union. Happily for the nation, there were other men who cleared the wilderness, built homes, made laws, established schools and churches and upheld the right in this splendid commonwealth.

Our guide book tells us that the subject of all the decoration in the Capitol is Missouri, its legend and history, its men and women. We may remember this as we leave the building and turn our faces once more towards the river as the sun is setting. Sunset on the Missouri river is a memorable sight; nowhere can more gorgeous colors be seen than above its tawny waters.

If we look close while the twilight gathers perhaps we may catch a glimpse of shadowy figures, Indian, trapper, black-robed priest, fur trader, explorer, hunter, backwoodsman, steamboat captain—all the men of long ago who once traveled the river's broad highway; the many who stopped here to build a state; and the many, many more who went forth from her borders to develop new states, earning for Missouri the familiar title, "Mother of the West."

